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# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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That is a young tree growing in the wood !  
This is your heart ! you did not hear a sound !  
Only your heart gave heed as the sap throbbed ;  
Only your heart—Or only, if not that,  
Yon love-grown, slender-dainty, beech-slip  
That lists, as list'ning to all that is joy,  
And will all joy suck up, you heard her sing !

These are not drums throbbing in the wood  
Nor trumpets trumpeting ! None rang that peal  
Over the woodland ! Harken ! Hark ! O Hark !  
Above, around, within, and everywhere,  
The trumpet calling . . . the heart-lifting,  
The heart-breaking—Who does not hear  
. . . Again . . . again . . . the thunder of the drum . . .

*James Stephens.*

## CONNEMARA

*By Oliver Gogarty.*

West of the Shannon may be said  
 Whatever comes into your head ;  
 But you can do, and chance your luck,  
 Whatever you like, west of the Suck.

There's something sleeping in my breast  
 That wakens only in the West ;  
 There's something in the core of me  
 That needs the West to set it free.

And I can see that river flow  
 Beside the town of Ballinasloe,  
 To bound a country that is worth  
 The half of Heaven, the whole of Earth.

It opens out above the town  
 To make an island of its own ;  
 And in between its grey blue arms  
 The grass is green as any farm 's.

As often as I take the road  
 Beyond the Suck, I wish to God  
 That it were but a one-way track  
 Where I might go and not come back.

The very light above the Bay ;  
 The mountains leaping far away,  
 Are hands that wave through homely air  
 To make me shout, I'll soon be there !

It is not every one gets on  
 Where dwell the Seaside Sons of Conn ;  
 It is not everyone who's wanted  
 Where things are apt to be enchanted.



You're sure to see, if you look out,  
 The hills and sky tumbling about ;  
 But suddenly the fun will stop  
 Until they find to what you're up.

You are supposed to understand  
 What brings the sea so far inland ;  
 And why the water lilies be  
 Close to the seaweed of the sea.

You must not ask what kind of light  
 Was in the valley half the night,  
 When you are far beyond Beyonds  
 Where night and day were tied with bonds.

And if you see with half an eye  
 Two lovers meet, O pass them by !  
 Remember that the Others do  
 As you have done by them to you.

And never wait for Rights and Wrongs  
 When mountains shake with battle songs ;  
 The Fight itself surpasses far  
 The things which merely lead to War.

The lanes that end on hill or strand  
 In this, The Many Coloured Land,  
 Are dearer than the burthened roads  
 That cross the Lands of Many Loads.

The light is thronged as is the dark :  
 But here the wise make no remark,  
 For when it comes to comments on  
 The Glory, then the Prime is gone.

And now I must get out and walk :  
 The Shannon's there for those who talk !  
 But I can only work my will  
 Where mountains leap, and clouds lie still.

NOTE.—Some scholars render "Connemara" by "The territory of the Sons of Conn who dwell by the sea,"

## THE FALLEN SAINT

*By Padraic Fallon*

I MIGHT have tilled a little hill  
Where a blue lake would double the crop  
In airy light, but my good angel said—  
“Life should be like a razor on the strop.”

When I took up with tinkers out of Cork—  
Long shanky men—and would have put my rope  
On a fine foxy woman, my good angel said—  
“Life should be like a razor on the strop.”

Thus he spoke through my long life as though  
By wearing hair and following holy ways  
Heaven would fall about me on the grass  
And some great Glory fill my days.

But now that Soul has all but worn the strop,  
I'd have the house and land—and blame him for the lack.  
And could I hit a woman's fancy, I  
Would bid the rogue go pack.

## THERE IS A LAND

*By Francis Hackett*

THERE is a land where never sets the sun,  
Though fast with thickets that entwist the night,  
And on its strand a hero would outrun  
His shadow cast by limbs so fleecy bright.

O serene isle in green and winey sea  
Where golden tribute spills along the shore,  
You must concile the white hostility  
Of bolden waves advancing with a roar.

Up flings the fountain in a jet of hope  
And glistens ere it squanders in the pool.  
Gay rings the jester with the world his scope,  
And listens weeping as he plays the fool.

My heart, you are this land of tireless strife,  
And there's no rod to beat the pain apart.  
The savage briar gives the rose its life.  
Can God root out the thorn that bore my heart?



## TWO SONNETS

*By Blanaid Salkeld*

So proud and daring, hopeful, unafraid—  
 She is all heart, all jovial tolerance :  
 We speak of land or party or finance—  
 And then she reads a poem I have made.  
 Across her beaming, falls a critic shade.  
 Her name ! she thinks,—what uncouth circumstance  
 Could teach her kinswoman so wild a dance ?  
 Her wide heart's door shuts to : so kind, so staid.

The Play we starred in, fills no more the stage.  
 If he be resting, I'm not unemployed,  
 But walk on in a thousand tragic scenes.  
 I choke my spleen ; I lull a master's rage ;  
 I spill out pity. I am well enjoyed,  
 Weeping for beggars and bereaved queens.

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COME, Hylas, wistful jester, be my crew !  
 Frailly against an oarless rowlock cower—  
 Idle, to make the grey sea-reverie flower  
 In gay and gentle speech, precise and true.  
 You will not row and steer, and interview  
 Implacable cloud or casual windy shower ;  
 But lift fine profile toward the zenith's tower,  
 Or dip shy chin, bird-swift, your breast unto !  
 Ever the slant-and-deep-roofed eyes adaze  
 With mystery,—I see, most sorrowful  
 Your spirit's essence—that, perpetual jest  
 Merrily, easy ripening, gainsays !  
 If wind drop, I'll spread sail, or I will pull—  
 Seizing from bright words, shadowy musings, zest



# LI PO ADDRESSES MENG HAO-JAN

*By Kenneth Morris*

In ruddy youth you put aside  
     The gauds men set their dreams upon,  
 And let who would aspire to ride  
     In high official cars, or don  
     Official head-dress ; quite foregone,  
 With you, was all such vain desire ;  
 You set your hope and heart to aspire  
     To a loftier and a lovelier blue :  
 Wherefore my soul can never tire,  
     O Mountain-Man, of honouring you !

You took the peaks to be your guide,  
     And mountain waters far and wan ;  
 The moon, and midnight, starry-eyed ;  
     Trees, and the autumn hues thereon.  
 You put the mountains' beauty on,  
 And made yourself as free as they  
 From all that hides the Ancient Way  
     The seers of old, and sages, knew :  
 Wherefore, Meng Hao-Jan, night and day  
     My soul delights to honour you !

And now your hair is white, betide  
     What may, or hap what will, you con  
 The stars' script still ; nor pomp nor pride  
     Of courts can lure or move you ; none  
     Of us that wander here and yon  
 Can tell what secret splendour glows  
 For you in every flower that blows  
     Among your hills, or what the dew  
 And moonlight teach you ; and none knows,  
     Meng Hao-Jan, how I honour you !

The lofty mountain is descried  
 From all the plain : he cannot hide  
     His grandeur from the common view.  
 So shines your influence far and wide,  
     Meng Hao-Jan ! All men honour you !

## ICARUS

*By Michael Scot*

THE master artists work in stuff of life,  
Sons of the stars, inspired with every breath  
To blazon chaos with creative strife  
And tilt an archangelic spear at death.

Giving the first-fruits of the heart and brain,  
Unheeding of all glory in the giving,  
To sow one seed of fire in the earth's pain,  
To fling one sweet eternal spark on living.

The craft of dreams will not alone suffice  
To fill the cup with the immortal wine,  
No proxy sacrifice may pay the price  
That fires the temporal with the divine.

To the star-birth of hero and of saint  
Without whose artistry art is nothing,  
In harmonies of sound stone words and paint,  
The world's poor mystic mimes make offering.

Theirs but to hail with homage and meet awe  
The art their vision may but apprehend,  
Gaining by faith some glimpse of that pure law  
That they too must obey before the end.

# IRELAND AND SWIFT

By J. M. Hone.

THERE is no activity of Swift's life which has not confronted posterity with contradiction and paradox. His attitude as an Irish patriot has been as puzzling as his attitude as a lover or, his attitude in English party politics, and his attitude as a churchman and man of religion. "I do not know," a French critic has written, "of a man in whom the most opposed characteristics and in appearance the most irreconcilable are found in an equal degree. If the moral and physical world rests on antimonies, if the opposition of good and evil, of the beautiful and ugly, true and false, forms a perfect equilibrium, then surely Swift nearly reached perfection." The moralist who abandoned himself to cynicism, the Whig by temper and the Tory in action, is also the Englishman by race and election who became Irish leader: the same critic attributes Swift's success in Ireland precisely to his mysteriousness—"Cette influence étonne, son secret échappe." "As Englishman, he acted and wrote phlegmatically, but he was touched by the native poetry of the people . . . hitherto the English had never risen above their prejudices and bitterness, hitherto the Irish had never discussed the abuses of which they were victims with logic and calmness."<sup>1</sup>

But the view of Swift's Irish activities which is most often adopted nowadays—and even by Irishmen!<sup>2</sup>—is that of the late Lord Balfour, who in a note contrasting the Irish patriotism of Swift with that of his younger contemporary Berkeley, says that where the latter believed (though he wished to draw a "wall of brass round Ireland") that the good of Ireland must also be the good of England, and refused to stir up nationalistic passions, the former deliberately incited a despised populace to anger and hatred, and not because he was moved by the spectacle of the injustice of men, but because he suffered from the pangs of envy

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<sup>1</sup> J. Flach: *Son Action Politique en Irlande* 1886. Flach says, by the way, that Swift travelled much in Ireland in his youth and lived with the common people, and learned to appreciate their language and manner of talk. I have not found confirmation of this statement in any of the biographies. When in England, it was certainly his habit to roam great distances and mix with all and sundry; he may well have done the same thing in Ireland during the period of his education there when there are considerable gaps in our knowledge of his residences and his movements.

<sup>2</sup> As Mr. Moonan and Miss Hayden in their *History of Ireland*.



and disappointed ambition and had a personal revenge to take upon the English government.

We do not go far on this road, nor in the opposite direction. Ireland in all Swift's expressions is a place of wretched exile, the best country to live out of; but this does not prove that he was without affection for the Irish people. We have his letter to Chevalier Wogan in which he praises the Irish Jacobite soldiers of the Continent for their "valour in many parts of Europe" which "distinguishes them above all nations," and the "poor cottagers" at home who "when they speak our language" have "a much better taste for good sense, humour and raillery than I observed in any of a like sort in Europe," although the "millions of oppressions they lie under, the ridiculous zeal of their priests, the tyranny of their landlords had been enough to damp the best spirits under the sun." More significant still are the passages in his *Death of Mrs. Johnson* where he writes of Stella that "she loved Ireland much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it," and had indeed "reason to love a country where she had the esteem and friendship of all who knew her."

Swift frequently wrote fiercely and contemptuously of the "Irish nation" of his time: are these "momentary outbursts of anger," asks one of his champions, Sophie Smith, to be taken so seriously? He did not hate the Irish but hated only "cruelty and oppression, wherever they appeared." But this defence of Swift is unsatisfying. We may believe that he sincerely felt himself to be liberty's vindicator—in his English as well as his Irish action—but must doubt whether he ever embraced any cause or attacked a problem in an impersonal way. He assumes a similar egocentricity in others, as when after praising Stella for her "love of Ireland" he attributes that love to the fact that she won "universal respect in that country."

The puzzle of Swift's Irish activity, if it is to be approached at all, requires to be related to the English activity of his earlier life. We are not to suppose, as is often done, that his governing views in economics and politics were changed, or even modified by his residence in Ireland. Never had he been a mercenary party-politician. But he had taken only a slight interest in Irish affairs prior to the "exile" into which the collapse of English Toryism at the Hanoverian accession drove him. His



intervention was confined to securing benefits for the Established Church in the matter of the First Fruits and Twentieths. These were imposts appropriated to the Crown, the remission of which was secured, thanks to Swift's influence with the Tory Ministry of the last years of Queen Anne.

Swift's main pre-occupation was the defence of a Church his conception of which was broadly political and utilitarian. His championship of the Establishment had in it nothing mystical or devotional.<sup>1</sup> But it never faltered. As Tory propagandist he opposed the Church and the landed interest to the new "Dutch finance" as manifested in the South Sea Bubble. But he had been educated during William's reign as a Whig in Sir William Temple's circle, and in his first successful political publication, "The Dissensions of the Greeks and Romans" he aided the Whig party. In urging therein that all States depend for their health upon a right balance between the One, the Few and the Many, he certainly condemns, as Mr. Yeats says, "the ruin to come, democracy, Rousseau and the French Revolution."<sup>2</sup> But the pamphlet indicates with equal certainty that the contemporary High Church and Tory doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings did not meet with his assent. When pressed therefore to name his principles, Swift always replied that he was a Whig without the modern articles. His Church had acted Whiggishly in promoting the deposition of James II., after which act English Protestantism could no longer logically sustain the doctrine of the Divine Right of the Monarch. The Jacobite Protestantism of the high flying Tories of Queen Anne's reign—of Sachevered and the non-jurors in England—was a contradiction in terms. Swift regarded, we may say, the Revolution with its corollary, the illegitimate Hanoverian succession, as a necessary evil, but protested that it need not have involved the growth of latitudinarianism in Church and State and the domination of the Money Power—the things against which his invective as the pamphleteer for Harley's ministry was directed.

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<sup>1</sup> This has of course been frequently noted by Swift's biographers. But it does not follow because Swift was a political ecclesiastic and regarded the Church as an essentially human institution that he had not a deeply religious nature. Mr. Rossi and the present writer in their forthcoming book "Swift or the Egotist" point out that religion and the Church were for him wholly distinct occurrences.

<sup>2</sup> *Dublin Magazine* Oct.-Dec. 1931. "Rousseau" says Dr. McN. Wilson in *Monarchy or Money Power*. . . taught that man is unspeakably bad, so bad that his greed and selfishness can only be held in check by the greed and selfishness of neighbours.

Like Mr. Bernard Shaw in our times, Swift was wont to attribute his particular point of view in English politics to Irish influences. He had always been a Tory, he explained, in the sense that that term was understood among Irish Protestants. He probably found his notion of Irish Toryism in the chief of his Irish correspondents, Archbishop King of Dublin who was strongly opposed to the latitudinarian tendencies in the Church and to concessions to the non-conformist, but could not be suspected (he had suffered under James II.) of predilections for a Jacobite Restoration, which would have involved a revision of the land settlements in favour of the Catholics. The Irish Tory was an English Whig, but an English Whig of the older articles—that is a Swiftian Whig. However, when Swift came to reside in Dublin, he was somewhat disillusioned, for he found that the Protestant ascendancy was divided into parties along English lines and had the same catch cries. Tories were denounced as Jacobites and secret Catholics (Swift himself went in some peril on this account from the Whig mob of Dublin); Whigs were accused of betraying the Church at the price of the support from the Dissenters. This imitation of English party and faction struck Swift as particularly absurd in a country where English oppression should have produced universal concord. The Pretender's cause was obsolete . . . even "the Papists in general" were becoming old fashioned Whigs . . . the Irish Anglican clergy had no cause to dispute, under the names "high" and "low," for promotions. Seeing that all preferments were bestowed upon Englishmen . . . the dissenters could not hope for further toleration, "because, however indifferent men may be with regard to religion, they are now grown wise enough to know that if such a latitude were allowed to dissenters" . . . the latter would "soon lay hands on the few small employments still left to Irish members of the Establishment."

A neglected point of interest in Swift is his economic doctrine, the intrinsic significance of which has never been examined. The object of the "Drapier" in the letter against Wood's halfpence was indeed mainly political; by provoking an economic war against the England of Walpole and the Whigs he hoped to induce Irishmen, or at least the members of the Irish ascendancy, to affirm themselves as a free nation. At the same time the views on money, trade, the nature of wealth, etc., that are implicit

in the *Drapier Letters*, are really characteristic of Swift; they are not opportunist and do faithfully reflect his feelings towards the conditions of his time. The benevolent Berkeley could take up Swift's protectionism later in his *Querist* and give it a quixotic and humanitarian, even an internationalist turn, deprecating the notion that English and Irish interests are opposed:

Berkeley . . . exhorts the Irish explicitly not to hanker after a woollen trade, but to put themselves on some other method that will not seem to affect English interests. Swift could consider this peril only with irony: the Irish interest was due to disoblige England, and be prepared that Ireland should sell her children to England as food, a commerce that would not excite jealousy . . . . Berkeley's scheme is not only quixotic because he calls in utopists and philosophers at a time when political economy was born and going to great conquests. The "wall of brass" is a return to the closed economy which Sombart describes as the proper form of mediaeval society.<sup>1</sup>

Berkeley is sometimes quoted by the unconventional economists of our time, especially by credit reformers, who, however, never mention Swift. Yet Swift's incendiary invective against projectors and Bankers and what is now vaguely called international finance ought surely to be called in for the support of the campaign of Mr. Orage, Major Douglas, Dr. Wilson—and of our own mediaevalists! Both these leaders of Irish opinion sought, at its beginnings, to prevent those great conquests of political economy, the results of which are now being viewed with such disillusion. Berkeley's mind was not political; but Swift's never forgot his enmity to the English Whigs on whom the House of Hanover depended, and who had their support from the bankers of London, whose financial operations were international. And the English Whigs were advocates of the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, for they realised—a point which our own advocates of a Christian (save the mark!) political economy miss—that democracy and the money power make good bed-fellows.

The economics of Swift in his *Drapier Letters* and other Irish writings were the economics of the seventeenth century. There

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<sup>1</sup> See *Bishop Berkeley* by Hone and Rossi, p. 201, *et seq.*



was nothing original in the views on the nature of money and wealth which are implicit in his criticism of Irish conditions in 1720. His patron, Sir W. Temple, a seventeenth century Whig, may have provided him with his "first principles" on the subject; Temple indeed (who had lived a good deal in Ireland and was grandson of a Provost of Trinity) had in his early life written an essay on Irish economics in the spirit of a scientific investigator and not of a politician. It is called *An Essay on the Advancement of Irish Trade*, and Swift, as Temple's secretary and editor, must have been familiar with the pamphlet, which regards the true and natural ground of trade and riches as "the number of people in proportion to the compass of ground they inhabit," because this condition "makes all things in life dear and forces men to industry and parsimony."

The internationally-minded and gentle Berkeley was, paradoxically, much more of an economic nationalist than Swift. He proposed that the Irish people should wholly confine themselves to internal trade—and so cause no annoyance to their English neighbours! Ireland was qualified for a state in which there should be neither imports nor exports; and to stimulate internal trade, he advocated schemes of national banking and of a managed currency, in which money would be only a ticket or counter without any relation to gold. His little pamphlet *Queries upon Queries*, "wherein it is made manifest that a national bank is utterly inconsistent with the rights, privileges and interests of Ireland" is an ironical comment on the suspicion entertained by the Irish public of projects in finance—suspicion which Swift twenty years earlier had done his best to encourage. In 1720 plans had been put forward for the establishment of a National Bank in Dublin, and Swift in his *Swearers Bank* had successfully put forward all his powers of satire to discourage this promotion, calling up memories of the South Sea Bubble and other financial trickeries of the City of London, of which he had been witness. With his parsimonious habit and horror of gambling, he was not inclined to believe in short cuts to prosperity, private or public, such as the manipulation of public credit. "If I am possessed of an hundred pounds a year and by some misfortune it sinks to fifty, without a possibility of ever being retrieved, does it remain a question, in such an exigency of what I am to do? Must I not retrench one-half in every article of expense? . . . Is there any mortal who can show me, under the circumstances



we stand with our neighbour . . . that this Kingdom can ever be a nation of trade, or subsist by any other method than that of a reduced family . . . ?”<sup>1</sup>

Swift did not exclude exports from the necessary economy of a nation. Indeed he placed the first cause of a kingdom's thriving (*A Short View of the State of Ireland : 1727-8*) in a soil that could produce the necessaries and conveniences of life, not only sufficient for the inhabitants, but for exportation into other countries. The English hostility to Irish commerce was therefore a matter for him of fatal moment. His visits to England after the triumphs of the Drapier are wrapped in some obscurity, but can certainly be connected with the cabinet crisis which faced Walpole towards the close of George I. reign. The great English minister had been weakened by cabals among his Whigs, and the Tories had also something to hope from the accession of the Prince of Wales. It has been thought that Swift went to England in 1727 with the intention of fishing in troubled waters for his own personal advantage. The story, circulated by one of his enemies, of his going to Walpole's levée and exclaiming to the minister : “ For God's sake take me out of that accursed country,” has been handed down to posterity as evidence that Swift was seeking preferment in England. He may have been seeking such preferment ; but there is little doubt that his chief business with Walpole was an attempt to exploit the English cabinet's difficulties to the advantage of Ireland. He says himself that he put his case for Irish amelioration before Walpole, but failed to secure any satisfaction. The changed tone of his Irish writings on his return to Ireland corroborate his assertion. His pamphleteering continues, but his argument becomes very pessimistic. There is no remedy, he now thinks, but a reduction in the standard of living ; the use of Irish manufactures is still recommended, but no prosperity can attend a kingdom which is forbidden the most profitable branches of trade and must export two-thirds of its revenue to another country. The pessimism culminates in the *Modest Proposal for Making the Children of the Poor beneficial to the Public*, where Swift preaches on the maxim that people are the first riches of a country, and finds that the only possible Irish application of the maxim is the ghastly one of the sale of infant flesh.

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<sup>1</sup> *Answer to Several letters from Unknown Persons : 1729.*

The change of tone is so marked that Moriarty, an excellent historian of Swift's political career and who had also the advantage of a knowledge of Irish history,<sup>1</sup> distinguishes in a political sense between the Swift in Ireland of 1720-30 and of 1730-40. The former tribune of the people now saw no hope but in benevolent despotism. The truth is that Swift in his latter years despaired as Irish political liberty as impracticable; at no time did the term "tribune of the people" with its modern associations fit him, for, as Professor Eddy observes, he had never either in Ireland or in England attacked vested and hereditary privilege, on the existence of which indeed liberty in general depended:

In his time it was believed (and it was doubtless true) that society could be best served by the reasonable administration of power concentrated in the hands of qualified leaders. As a convinced Tory, Swift opposed popular radicalism in politics, philosophy and religion; when he satirised existing governments, which was often, he attacked not the theory but the abuse of authority.

This abuse of authority Swift found everywhere in Ireland, even among the Bishops of his church; it did not affect his loyalty to that institution, and his quarrel with the Irish Parliament was due to legislative attempts to upset the settlement of the tithes and to repeal the test of Dissenters. Walpole wished to make Ireland the *corpus vile* for experiments directed against Anglican privileges; latitudinarian Bishops were sent over from England to fill Irish Sees, and Viceroy's addressed the Irish Parliament on the necessity of an "united Protestant" front against Jacobite and Catholic plottings. But to Swift all this appeal to Protestant prejudices and fears was anathema, because for him the real danger to established order came not from the Catholics but from dissent. The Catholics at least had always "protested against the selling and murdering of kings" . . . as well as against deism, atheism, socinianism, muggletorianism, fanaticism and brownism" (Reasons for Repealing the Sacramental Test in Favour of Catholics: 1733). In this way only Swift's later Irish activity, so puzzling when we insist on leading history backwards,

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<sup>1</sup> *Dean Swift and his Writings*: 1893.

is to be understood : he is satirist of Irish Protestantism because regards himself as the last voice of his Church persecuted by Parliament and betrayed by its own Bishops, and the fiercier becomes his advocacy of the privileges of the "ascendancy" church, the deeper becomes his consciousness of the miseries of the Irish masses and the more friendly his disposition towards the "original natives:" towards the end (in his *Reasons for Repealing the Test in Favour of the Catholics*) he is willing, half seriously, to consider the relaxation of the Penal Laws against the Catholics in order to counter the growing revolutionary power of the non-conformist element among the Protestants.

# BENNY

By Vincent O'Sullivan

IT began to rain. Benny lounged across the street from the corner. It was Saturday, and Irma Korensky would be coming home from work early. Benny saw her hastening, almost running down the block, and he knew she had seen him and was trying to get into the house before he reached the step. Of course he had too good a start for that.

"Howz it now, Irma?"

Seeing him there, calmly leaning on the iron rail of the steps, she stood in the little vestibule instead of going in, panting, and staring at the bells with the names underneath them. The street door stood wide open: so many went in and out on Saturday afternoon that it was hardly worth while to keep it shut. Irma backed a little further into the vestibule, and then stood facing Benny, her arm above her head, resting her hand against the wall. There was some admiration in his eyes as he took in her pale almost fragile face, which promised much less physical endurance than she in fact possessed, with the melancholy, dark eyes, now burning on him in fury, the small head so gracefully poised on the beautifully curved neck—all of her, in fact, from the cleverly pitched hat down to the natty shoes and stockings. At once his attention concentrated on these.

"Say, where'd you get your shoes wiped?"

She frowned and seemed as if she was not going to answer. Then shortly: "Tony's, in Third Avenue."

"Does he do it free?"

"Free?" She laughed crossly. "You must be phoney."

"All right. Now see here! I forbid you to go to him any more." He half-smiled and gave her a side look, uncertain how she would take it.

"Well, of all—" Irma nearly choked. "You *forbid me*? You *forbid me*—hey?"

"Yes," said Benny.

Irma's great black eyes lightened with anger, but mingled with the anger was something else—the astonishment and failure to understand of one unjustly threatened. She felt angry, too, because she had to admit that his threats did seriously worry her. She scanned him attentively without disparagement, and certainly, at that moment at any rate, without any affection.



The soft coffee-coloured hat with darker ribbon, cleft in the middle, was thrust a little back from the livid shaven face, rather kalmuck in type, in which the nose was very short, and the full lips a little protruding. Under pale eyebrows, brilliant restless eyes of ruddy brown, faintly circled with red at the eyelashes, always thrilled and disquieted Irma, well as she knew them, by their extraordinary cruelty. It was the cruelty of the animal that is hunted, of the fox or the rat, that every man's hand is against, that has learned through long generations to be pitiless because it does not expect pity, to stop at nothing, however monstrous, so as to insure its own safety. Benny wore a neat light overcoat thrown open, and beneath it the well pressed chocolate-coloured "business suit" could be seen. His trousers were hitched and rolled so as to display light-blue socks above a pair of new brown shoes. He had a jewelled ring on his little finger, and another jewel was stuck in his tie.

Irma was always impressed by the elegance of his appearance, and she never could make out how he kept it up. He had been a restaurant-waiter; he had been a dry-goods salesman in the Bowery; once he had gone into partnership in Harlem with a Greek who kept a junk-shop. But he never did anything that she called work long. In the evenings he generally danced in one of the places where he was welcome. There were many of these. Irma thought that there was no other man in America who could dance like Benny.

The Italian whom he had just now taken it into his head to embargo seemed to her a pleasant youth, with a nice brown skin and lovely teeth. He made three of low-sized Benny. He had offered to shine Irma's shoes and never cared whether she had a dime or not.

"I know what that shoe business means. I've watched you," declared Benny cynically. "I guess I won't stand for it much longer."

"But for the love o' Pete!" Irma gave him a wild stare, astounded by his tone of voice. "What are you trying to put across? What's it got to do with you *anyway*?" she cried in the plaintive sing-song of the East Side.

"To do with me?" Benny unmoved drew a match along the railing and lit a cigarette. "Sure, it's got to do with me. Ain't I going to marry you?"

She coloured deeply. "You? I'd sooner be dead. Marry you, did you say?"

"Sure," said Benny.

"Well!" In her anger and dismay she stepped very close to him. "Listen! you must think pretty mean of me if you think I'd marry you—least of all now. Why, do you think I don't know?" She looked at him with a sense of power, but at the same time she glanced rapidly on both sides and dropped her voice to a whisper. "It was you that killed Jed Harris over on Avenue A. Yes, you did—you shot him Thursday night three weeks ago. You're the boy the cops is offering a reward for. The first day I see the reward stuck on the fences I was sure it was you. I *know*, I tell you," she said close up to him.

Hardly anybody—certainly nobody who did not hear what she had just said—would have noticed the slight tremor which passed through Benny. He looked straight ahead of him at nothing, puffing his cigarette. Then he blinked his eyes rapidly a few times, and pushed his hat a little further back on his head.

"Yes, that's right," he acknowledged. "I paid out Jed."

"But how have you the nerve—" she gazed at him horrified and fascinated. "You know what I could do?"

"Yes, I know what you could *do*, Irma." The sing-song sounded a little plaintive from him too.

"And it's what I'm going to do if you don't look out." There was a look burning in her sombre eyes like that in a dog's whose bone has been snatched from him. "Yes, sir; that's what I guess I'll do. I never liked anyone in the way I did Jed. I was just gummed to him—yes, I was. And then you—oh, damn you!—you—"

"Yes, me," said Benny. He yawned and took out a gold watch. "Say, I guess I got to beat it. I'm going to the ball-game, if anybody asks you for my address. I'll put the lid on any guy you start playing with, Irma. You can take that for fair. But it wasn't about you," he added, "that I had the scrap with Jed. Not exclusively. Jed was shovin' me down. He knew too much; and what he didn't know you were getting ready to tell him. That's why, Mr. President Roosevelt."

"I wish Jed had!" exclaimed Irma passionately. "I certainly do. To think of you going to ball-games and places!

Ain't you afraid? I should think Jed 'd just kind of haunt you. Say, ain't you got a conscience?"

Benny, rather at a loss, looked as if he were actually rummaging for something about his person. "No," he said slowly; "I can't find it, Irma. Honest, I can't. I guess I haven't got it with me. I don't feel a thing about Jed. I know I don't feel like I did that night I lost the forty dollars—you remember, that snowy night last year. I come in to tell your mother about it. Gee! that was when I did feel bad. I think to this day that some low-down café waiter swiped it. I was awful soused, y'know."

"And you put your old pocket-book, because its yours, above another man's life?" This was too immoral for Irma. "I knew you was bad; I never did trust you; but to crawl up behind Jed in the night when he wasn't looking and shoot--"

Benny winked and jerked his chin in the direction of the stairs. The Armenian tailor who lived on the fourth floor was coming down to his shop in the basement.

"That was some bazaar of the Sons of Montezuma up to a Hundred-and-tenth street," said Irma in a loud voice, obeying the signal against her will.

"What's that talk about shootin'?" the tailor asked jocosely. He had no coat, filthy white linen shirt-sleeves, and a black beard, unshaved for several days, covered his pallid face.

Benny took time to spit before he replied. "She's been up to a bazaar," he said deliberately, "and some guy got her into the shootin'-galleries. She's mad," said Benny, "because she missed every time."

"Is that so?" said the tailor. "Now the way you want to shoot--"

Irma went slowly up stairs.

Between her view of the opposite side of the street, as she sat at the window, the fire-escape interposed. Looking through the opening between the steps of it she could command a corner of Second Avenue. The gilt signs on the drug-store dripped; there were very few people passing, although it was Saturday afternoon. The children who usually swarmed in the street were kept indoors by the rain. People now and then came out of the apartments across the way and disappeared under umbrellas. Irma remembered hearing a Frenchwoman where she

worked say that there is no city which the rain depresses like New York. Irma did not know what that meant.

Her mother, though it would soon be twenty-two years since she had stepped on the American shore, had never got reconciled to New York. There she sat at the other window this afternoon, conquered by the dreary rain, crying, insisting upon the ugliness of New York, "where it was nothing but rows of houses, and ash-barrels, and smells, and rough crowds, and street-cars," and lamenting beautiful Warsaw. That was a place to live! She would never see it again; she would die in a strange land, her body would be put on ice, and she would be buried by machinery. Was that good? Now, was it?

Irma laughed irritably. "If Warsaw was so fine, I guess you would have stayed there."

The mother argued in two languages that people never knew when they were well off. At Warsaw you did not have an iron platform outside your window with trains running by on it every half-minute. Her husband would never have killed himself with drink and cocaine in Warsaw. He was a good husband to her at home, and cocaine was never heard of there.

Her daughter could not understand these lamentations. She had been only two years old when she arrived, and New York was in her bones. She enjoyed it; she took a pride in it. It was the biggest city in the world anyhow. Her notions of American history were extremely hazy; but she had thoroughly absorbed the tradition that America is the land of opportunity for the immigrant, who passes from darkness to light when he arrives.

"We was freer there than we ever was here," wailed the mother.

"No, you was not," said Irma firmly. "Teacher told us at school that every country in the world was a tyrant except America. I guess I'd never have got an education if you had stayed over there. That settles it. Say, quit crying and go on the bed."

She got up and stretched herself, and then took her mother's place at the other window, resting her face in her hands. She had all the daintiness of her dainty luxurious trade. That, at any rate, she owed to New York. She was feeling nervous; she thought of Jed Harris sorrowfully. From here she could see



the corner where he used sometimes to whistle and wave his hand to her as he passed. She recalled the handsome weather-beaten face, with the deep-set eyes which looked at you so steadily, and the firm mouth and jaw. He was so erect and neat in his fireman's uniform. She remembered the night he carried the woman and child out of the burning house. How the people cheered! Her heart had melted; she loved Jed that night.

Did he love her? She would never know now. Benny had no real call to be jealous, she thought, for Jed had never shown any preference for her company. What had made Benny commit the crime? It must have been what she had done. She must have shown that she was in love with Jed, and that made Benny afraid of what she might say. But why hadn't he killed her, then? The white little devil! he took all her boys away from her. He wanted her for himself. She knew too much about him—yes, that was the main cause of the trouble. But that he wanted her was the other cause.

Otherwise, he might as well have made a fuss about Rose Brodkin. Rose knew pretty near as much about him as she did. She used to be so jealous of Jed's preference for Rose Brodkin. And Rose was heart and soul in love with Jed. Perhaps Benny had objected to that too.

Oh, to be rid of Benny! Not to have the dread of seeing him every time she went out of an evening—coming out of shadows at the movie theatre, or lounging about the corner till she came home.

She studied the weather. It would rain all the afternoon. Then she searched among her shoes to find the least flimsy pair. Rose lived only four streets up, but far on the West Side, and it was not possible to ride the whole way.

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"Well, now I've told you all I know." Irma lay back in her chair. Then, finding that she got no reply, "I tell you, it's up to you to do something," she added aggressively.

The supineness of Rose, her lack of lively interest and initiative, always fired up Irma in the long run. Rose had no spring, or the spring was broken. A girl with Rose's looks, Irma thought, should be able to get anything. But there was generally an undecided smile about Rose's charming mouth, a smile which

expressed nothing else but indecision, and uncertainty floated in her agate-coloured eyes. She had a pallor just tinged with mauve, and swathes of wonderful red hair. Her mother was dead; her father was a barber somewhere down-town; and she herself was from time to time a manicure. How often Irma had found places for her! Rose had little more to do than present herself to be taken on; but after a week, at most a month, she would grow tired, and prefer to spend her days at home listlessly, smoking cigarettes, gazing with that undecided smile vaguely into space.

"Jed was the only man who made you sit up and take notice. Seems to me he kept you out of the nonsense-house. So you got to do something for him besides putting greens on his grave. You got to go to the police-station and tell about Benny. I thought of that this afternoon. If he'd go right away to Chicago, or some place, it might be different; but he ain't going to—he's going to stay in this city and make trouble. You don't want that, I guess? Or do you? Well, if you don't, you better go to the police station. You're the party it's up to."

"Yes," agreed Rose placidly. Then with an effort, "Oh, yes, sure enough I'll do it. Gee, how I cried when Jed was shot. I guess I never stopped off for a week pretty near."

Irma looked at her with profound distrust. "When will you do it? You don't want to sit here and dope. You want to go out and do a thing right away."

Rose agreed again. She looked down twisting and untwisting her sensitive fingers in her lap. "Oh, ain't I helpless!" she cried with a rueful laugh.

Irma sprang to her feet and enveloped her in a blazing look of anguish and scorn. "You *never* loved Jed—no, sir, never!" she exclaimed miserably. "I don't care what you say." She walked violently about the room, shoving the things here and there. Then she paused and stood over Rose. "But you do *hate* Benny, don't you? Are you sure of that?"

"Well, no," said Rose, taking her time to think it out. "I guess I don't exactly *hate* him—" Then seeing a menacing flame in Irma's sombre eyes, "Oh, my! yes," she amended quickly. "I hate him—Say," she broke off, "you do that fine. There's a big wad waitin' for you on the screen. Now don't get mad again. I can just tell you, can't I?"

"I guess you kind o' can't get your thoughts on anything," stated Irma with pity and disgust. "It's too bad you ain't more business-like. You're the one to do it, too. Benny will never suspect it came from you." She paused, searching for a convincing appeal.

Rose showed some spark of interest for the first time. "Why don't you do it yourself, Irma Korensky?"

"I don't know," said Irma sincerely. "I'd pay some one to tell me. It ain't that I'm afraid," she explained a little defiantly. "I don't know what you think, but I think it's kind of horrible to have a secret like that and not give it to the law. Mother says the lawyers ain't no good to poor people, and if you go to them with a complaint they'll drag you in too. But I don't know about that. Some policemen ain't bad. And it's no life with Benny. He's always following me about and spying on me. I told you about my Italian gentleman-friend in the shoe-shine and fruit business. If that wasn't the meanest thing—"

"Then if you're not afraid—" hazarded Rose.

"I ain't one little bit afraid. I told you that once. But the cops would know that Ben and me have been kind of friends for a long time. They might worry us at home. And Benny would be sure it came from me. He might do something before the cops got him. Or he might break loose, he's so smart. He might shoot my mother," she added tragically.

After a pause—"I guess you ain't afraid, Irma," said Rose; "but you want to live."

"Don't you?"

Rose smiled vaguely, staring at her visions. "Gee, I don't know."

\*

Some days later, Irma heard that Rose had gone to work in one of the large hotels, and early in the afternoon she decided to telephone to her.

"Say, have you done it yet?"

The machine droned for a little in Irma's ear, and then Rose began what promised to be a long story. It was all about her new place. She was so taken up with it that she hadn't got time to think of anything else.

Irma broke off and jammed the receiver on the hook. Rose would never do it now. She knew that boneless character, with only just enough energy for one enterprise about every six months.

Her small parcel of energy had just gone in getting her new job. It was probable that she had not thought about Benny again.

But Irma had to think of him every day. He interfered with her; he was always prowling around. She never felt safe from him except when she was actually within the walls of her place of business. She had lost Tony Esposito, her Italian friend.

At first she thought that by starting for her business an hour or so earlier she would be able to spend some time with Tony undisturbed. But on the second morning there came Benny, who never got up early, strolling along to the corner stand, smoking a cigarette.

"Morning, Irma. Don't give her all the shoe-polish, Tony. I want to come in and get a shine."

And it was that way every morning. Then Irma passed the stand without stopping and scowled at Benny when she met him a few yards further on.

"Can't you get any work to do, you loafer?"

"Oh, I guess I got as much work as I want, Irma."

She was almost ill from being thwarted so. She wanted that half-hour in the morning with the Italian.

She proposed that he should take her on Sunday up to the Bronx Park. There they would be free for a while. But as they were walking towards the Subway station, Benny came along and joined them.

"Say, you go about your business," said the Italian finally.

Benny smiled his sinister little smile. "I guess Irma wouldn't stand for it. Irma wants me too. Now don't you, Irma?"

No, she did not. But as usual when he was there he dominated her. She might abuse him to his face and behind his back; but his actual presence stunned her will, and she had never yet found the strength to defy him openly. She just said in confusion between the two men:

"Couldn't we all go together?"

But the Italian lost his temper. He wasn't going with everybody's girl. There were plenty of girls in New York. She had come fooling round and asked him herself to take her out, hadn't she? She could pass the next time. And with that he crossed the street.



"Say," Benny called after him, "lend me five bucks to take Irma to the restaurant."

The Italian's shoulders heaved. "You try to get to hell," he shouted without turning round.

Benny looked after him meditatively. "That fella's taking a big risk."

"You mean you'll fix him like you did Jed?"

Benny squeezed up his eyes and glanced at her. But now that the Italian was gone, she had come into possession of herself again. She realized her defeat; she was filled with rage and disappointment and shame.

"You won't do that, my boy. You'll be in State's prison first. You can take that from me right here. He's a gentleman and you're a bum." She turned away.

"Where are you going?" asked Benny rather sadly.

"To the devil. If you come after me—if you try to find out—it'll be your last dying breath—" She could hardly speak from fury.

But indeed he made no attempt to follow her. She went home. Her head throbbed and her heart felt empty. She wept on and off all the evening for the Italian. How fine he had looked with his green tie and pink shirt, and the crease all the way down his light grey pants. Now he would never speak to her again.



The heat was terrible. They were closing down at one to-day. Irma stared out at the bleached, vacant Avenue, while the chatter of the other girls sounded meaningless behind her. And there, all at once, her agonized ponderings of the last two weeks stiffened into resolve. She must do it herself; this afternoon was a chance; she must do it this afternoon. It was the only way out.

She was so afraid of weakening that she kept repeating this inside herself when she was on the same block as the police station. She could see one of the caged motor-wagons halted before the door. Perhaps Benny would soon be in that. She had her story all ready and she studied it again. She meant to say——

Suddenly, there on the other side of the street was Ben himself, coming towards her. He was sauntering along leisurely;

his coat was open, and from where she was she could make out the sprigged shirt and the vivid tie. His straw hat was tilted over his eyes. As ever, she was impressed by his elegant appearance, and it gave her a pang. He passed a woman leading a very little child, and stopped to play with the child, lifting it up in the air. The child screamed with pleasure. The mother said something agreeable to Benny and passed on; and he beckoned to Irma.

She stood a moment irresolutely. Then slowly, with sullen unwillingness in every movement, she crossed the street.

"Well, Irma, what's you lookin' for in this street? Have you come to tell the cops on me? That's some kid," he broke off, gazing admiringly after the child. "He's heavy too." He was still a little breathless after his exertions. "That's the kind of kid I'd like us to have, Irma."

"How did you know where I was? Gee!" she cried passionately, "you follow me about till I'm dead. You must sit up nights to see what I'm dreaming about. You're a dirty spy."

"I don't need to sit up nights, Irma. I know all about you without that. I know all about you—every darn thing. You can't make a move that I don't know what it's there for. When you come across Third Avenue a minute ago you held your hand to your head to show your new ring. That's you. Say, you remind me more'n anything of those little birds I used to catch when I was a kid down in the country at the vacationing house. It was funny; you could feel their hearts beating between your hands. That's the way it is with you."

Irma stared at him; her eyes were slightly dilated. Her movelessness showed that every word wrecked something inside her.

"What did you use to do to those birds?" she asked.

"I don't know; I forget . . . sometimes we threw them away," he added as an afterthought. He pulled out his big watch. "Say, it's getting kind of late. I got to meet a guy at the movies on Ninety-Sixth Street at four. You ain't goin' over to the cops to-day, I s'pose?"

"Ain't I?" she said defiantly. "Yes, I am too."

"Well," he drawled, "go ahead, Irma."

"I'm going."

"There's your chance now."

Two policemen, trim and well set-up, came out of the station and stood talking together. One turned back into the station, and the other crossed the street slowly, near where Irma and Benny were standing.

"Good afternoon, officer," called Benny pleasantly. "Say, come here. She wants to make a charge on me."

The policeman advanced reluctantly. "What's the trouble?"

There was a pause. Benny was leaving the answer to Irma. There was a taste of blood in her mouth, and they saw her clutch her hands together.

"He's took my watch," she said in a hurry; "the watch I wear on my wrist."

The policeman looked hard at them both, and then came to the conclusion that there was nothing to it.

"Give her back her plate," he said tolerantly. "Kiss and be friends. When you have a nice girl like that, you ought to think yourself lucky."

"I do," said Benny. "Say, Mr. Officer," he went on daringly, "haven't you found out yet who shot that fireman over on Avenue A?"

The policeman gazed straight before him up the street. "Not up to date. You can't tell us, I suppose?" he asked sceptically. And without staying for an answer he strolled towards the Avenue.

Irma turned to go in the other direction. She looked cheated and baffled—rather panic-stricken too. Benny went beside her silently.

After a while she spoke huskily. "I'll never marry you, you know." She looked at him full with strained eyes, "No, never. Why, I believe you'd kill me some day."

"I might do that too," agreed Benny impartially.

They were now come to Lexington Avenue, and Benny walked out into the roadway to board the street-car going up town. As the car was slowing down, he turned from where he was standing.

"You'll *marry* me all right, Irma," came to her in the plaintive sing-song.

She remained on the corner, staring after him as he stood

on the platform of the car. Then he went inside. She shivered a little and turned away.

A short distance down the block she encountered Mrs. Murray, a woman who lived in the same house.

"Was that Benny I saw you with?" asked Mrs. Murray.

"Yes," replied Irma.

"Well," said Mrs. Murray, who was buxom and genial, "what I always say about Benny is this: He may have his faults, but he's sure the gentleman."



# CELEBRITIES I HAVE MET:

MADAME JACOMIN AND MONSIEUR BROC

*By Edward Gordon Craig.*

MADAME MARIE-FERDINAND JACOMIN lives in the Hôtel de Guise, in the bracing town of Saint-Germain-en-Laye.

One evening, as the shops were lighting up, I walked down the Rue des Coches, and stopped before the Hôtel de Guise. It is now a shop where ancient furniture, pictures and books are on sale, and I stopped to look in at the shop window. And there I saw, in a glass-fronted cupboard at the other end of the shop, three rows of books, bound in brown leather, with gold tooling on their backs.

I did not pause ; I opened the door and went in, and, wishing the lady of the shop "good evening," I put down my hat and stick and opened the door of the cupboard.

Reading the words, "*Théâtre Italien de Gherardi*," on the backs of the six volumes I had spotted from outside the shop, I felt, if not encouraged, not exactly dashed ; and taking out Volume 1, I began to turn the pages . . . when a voice of thunder which came from behind me said in French that those were the damaged and incomplete books. The voice repeated the words "*pas complets*" several times . . . a somewhat critical voice of thunder—impatient—authoritative.

I turned, and perceived that it came from a second lady—the real hostess of the Hôtel de Guise : Madame Marie-Fernand Jacomin. (The other lady's name was Petite—Madame Marie-Fernand always addressing her as such, though she must have been quite sixty-five years old : she wasn't bullied at all, but kept well under control).

Madame Jacomin spoke in a loud voice, not because she was at all angry, but because she was very deaf. She was not a scrap less hearty for that : it did not render her pensive or ill-humoured—on the contrary—but it made her thunder the more.

"These are complete," she said, pointing to another case of books.

"I do not mind the incomplete ones," I said, "they are useful sometimes for working from."

"Hey?" thundered she.

The other lady of the shop now lowered her voice to the right Jacomin pitch, and yelled a whisper: "He likes incomplete books for his work" . . . which was a lie, but which got there anyhow.

"Humph!" said Madame Jacomin.

But though I do not mind imperfect books, I prefer perfect ones when I can get them—and I went to the other case. And there I found books I had certainly not expected to find; some of them (most of them) theatre books. I took off my overcoat and settled down to inspect them.

"*Histoire de l'Ancien Théâtre Italien depuis son origine en France . . . par les Auteurs de l'Histoire du Théâtre François*"—in other words, by the brothers Parfaict. Date 1753.

And I found Grétry's three volumes of *Memoirs*, with the *Essay on Music*, and Restif de la Bretonne's "*Vie de mon Père*," in one volume, with the sixteen plates, and de Lérís' "*Dictionnaire portatif . . . des Théâtres*," 1763, in one volume, and Eugène de Mirecourt's unreliable *Lives of actors, actresses, authors and others*, in their original wrappers—some three bundles of them. I took eleven of these, and the four books of the eighteenth century, and for the whole lot I paid 34 francs. I would have paid less if the great lady of the Hôtel and her companion had not kept up such a fire of talk all the time. I was asked by *la Petite* how old I thought Madame Jacomin was. She seemed about fifty to sixty—but she was eighty-three! I never had encountered such a terrific force in a woman of that age. She had no frailty—no beauty—no charm—no touching old age: but she had force and gaiety, without savagery, without despair or reserve—for she sang some bars of music as she passed me Mirecourt's book on Giulia Grisi; and she seemed at one moment to be about to rise and cut some capers—when she came across Mirecourt's *Vestris*. But I feared to see her dance, so I frowned horribly; and Madame Jacomin, frowning in harmony, growled out: "*Ce Mirecourt, il est mauvais sujet!*"

\* \* \*

Some month or so later I met Madame Marie-Fernand taking the air, with *la petite*, on the great terrace of the park at Saint-Germain. She was elated, having just found "*tout l'oeuvre de Faublas*" at some sale. She said this heartily . . . and a flock of sheep grazing hard by took to flight instantly; some crows, about

to alight on the tree-tops, decided not to, and went off south. "A whole set of *Faublas*," she said again, sure that I should enjoy it. I don't know what it can be—but I fancy it must be improper.

\* \* \*

Anyhow, it's people like Madame Marie-Fernand Jacomin who should sit on the Government benches and in the Senate. Political earthquakes would not ruffle her—she would smile when she heard of Mussolini, and the name "Hitler" would cause her head to nod: she who had seen so much and respected so little, would respect these and all such.

She would just thunder once—alike on the just and on the unjust: and if these had sense, they would realise that what mattered in this world was not the balance of power, but the power of Madame Jacomin; not the reform of mankind, but the "whole set of *Faublas*" discovered by Madame Jacomin; not the Polish corridor, but the dark cave where Madame Jacomin sits, and *la Petite* yells and whispers to her: "He likes incomplete books..."

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**M**ONSIEUR MAXIMILIAN BROC, of Paris, is the very opposite to Madame Jacomin. He is a very gentle man—he could sit in no Senate—he needs a throne or nothing. He does not thunder nor argue, nor deafen nor blind. I never met any bookseller who disliked selling as much as he does, or who loved books more.

He is the King of pamphlets—he prefers these little leaflets in paper covers to the immense tomes bound in morocco. These leaflets are his people, and he looks after each one as though they were alive.

He likes to part with none; but if you are devoted to some special subject, and seem to be one who preserves a booklet, he will let you have one, or perhaps two or three, for next to nothing.

If you are a lover of such books, you will one day walk down the narrow passage in his street in Paris—you will come to a staircase, and go upstairs and knock at a door—go in, and find yourself in a couple of rooms and in the presence of Monsieur Broc.

I do not intend to tell you his real name, nor where he lives, for I don't want to spoil sport. I have called him "Monsieur Broc" in my list of my own books, because Broc is short for *brochure*, and in his two rooms are more than a hundred thousand

*brochures* of from four pages to three hundred pages, costing one, two, five or ten francs apiece.

Some of these books you might hunt for for seven years, and not find them. You might ask Mr. Maggs, Mr. Bumpus or Madame Belin to advertise for one of them—to offer ten pounds—and yet you'd not be able to get it.

"*Projet de Salle, rue de la Paix, pour le Théâtre Italien*," 1839—twenty-four pages, with folding, hand-coloured plan, in a mauve wrapper: where would you hope to discover that? Or, "*Théâtre de l'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. Acte de Société*," no date—sixteen pages, with two designs, in a brown wrapper. Then the little sixteen-page trifle on Astley's Circus, of which only *trente exemplaires* were printed, entitled: "*Un Soir chez Astley* (25 *Avril*, 1786)"; à Londres, chez John Adamson—1887.

If you spoke of these trifles to a big bookseller, and hinted that you'd be willing to pay him any price for them, I doubt very much if he'd bother about it. His excuse would be the ancient one, that the books were "*introuvable*"—that he was unable to find, for three hundred pounds, what we others, who are destitute of pounds, have found for twopence apiece. Monsieur Broc is the only man I know of who could find them—who could find almost any book you might mention.

\* \* \*

Monsieur Broc is a systematic man of instinct, who will never develop a system. He is essentially a practical man of the book world, and if he does not make much money out of books, it is only because he prefers to make happiness out of them.

In his room is no card-index—it is in his head; but not so systematized there that he cannot possibly err. Once, when thinking whether that yellow-covered booklet on the "*Théâtre Lazzette de Noyon*" was somewhere in the third heap of two thousand books on the floor of the second room, he failed, for a moment, to recall that he had placed it carefully in the box in the corner of the first room, three months ago. So he sometimes hesitates. But he seldom rummages—he remembers, and goes straight through the jungle and comes back with his tiger, leopard or cockatoo, according to plan.

He has, in fact, the jungle mind, and seems to see through the thickest tangle, the darkest fog.

In his rooms are no electric lights. Towards dusk he lights



but an oil lamp. Obscurity jogs the mind of this famous man, whose brains quicken in the dim light, as though happy in the sobriety of such a sombre hour.

I have spoken of the twopences and the threepences, and of his not making money out of his books ; but it is not this which is important. What is of far greater consequence is his achievement—that is, a certain “ *introuvable* ” happiness in this jungle of his . . . from which, none the less, he often says he hopes to escape. But I would not call his excellence a triumph of fortitude, for then he would but be one of those whom Goldsmith represents in his note on Newgate Prison : “ People may say this or that of being in gaol ; but for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in.” Fudge !

Bearing up against something is not the same as really enjoying it. Monsieur Broc is really a happy man, a great philosopher, and an artist.

# THE IRISH THEATRE YEAR

By Andrew E. Malone

FOR almost the first time since the Abbey Theatre opened its doors to the public its stage was not the most important in Ireland during the year 1932. For twenty-eight years the Abbey Theatre may be said to have dominated the theatre in Ireland, but last year that proud position was lost for the first time. While it is probable that this loss of dominating prestige is only temporary, it is nevertheless a sign that there has come into the life of Ireland another Theatre which is capable of challenging its supremacy. The reasons for this loss of dominating prestige by the Abbey Theatre are various, but the most important is the fact that for eight months of the year the Abbey Theatre company was absent on an American tour, and that for about six of those months the Theatre was actually closed, except for occasional amateur performances. The effect of this, even had there been no other conditions tending to produce a similar effect, was to transfer the leadership of the theatre in Ireland to the Dublin Gate Theatre, an international repertory theatre founded in 1928 as the Dublin Gate Theatre Studio. For some time the new Theatre Studio was "in association with the London Gate Theatre," but for the past three years it has had its own theatre in the famous Rotunda Buildings in Dublin, which are associated with some of the most stirring periods of Irish politics.

Although it was founded primarily for the production of plays of other countries which in the ordinary course of things would not be staged in Ireland by the commercial theatre, the Gate Theatre has since its removal to its own Theatre staged several plays by Irish authors. During its four and a half years the Dublin Gate Theatre has staged plays by Tchekov, Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, Eugene O'Neill, Shakespeare, Goethe, Toller, Kaiser, and many other leading dramatists of the past and the present. Starting with Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, the Gate Theatre has maintained a reputation for unusual plays and for excellent production. In its early months in its own Theatre the Gate produced for the first, and only, time in Ireland Shaw's *Back to Methusaleh*, and has given performances of plays by such Irish-born dramatists as Farquhar and Wilde, and to the Irish-educated Congreve. That the Dublin Gate Theatre fills a void in the

theatrical life of Dublin has been amply demonstrated since the early days at the little Peacock Theatre: it has now its own peculiar niche in that life, its own loyal audience, its own theatre, and its own monthly magazine, and if it has not yet conquered all its difficulties it would at least seem to be so strongly established that those remaining for conquest will be comparatively easy. The dominance of the Gate Theatre in Dublin is never likely to be quite that which the Abbey Theatre held for such a long time; and it is extremely probable that the Abbey will re-establish its dominance in a short period, because of its national status, its State subsidy, its tradition, and its prestige in all parts of the world.

Even if the Abbey Theatre did not maintain its pride of place in the theatrical life of Dublin last year, it nevertheless produced a greater number of new plays in 1932 than it did in any of the three previous years. Having ten productions of new plays to its credit, it might be thought that the standard of the Theatre was more than maintained, but the quality of the plays staged was not at all commensurate with the quantity. Perhaps the most disappointing feature of the Abbey Theatre year was the relative failure of the Play Competition, which had been initiated towards the end of 1931 in an effort to discover new playwrights of outstanding ability. In the event the awards went to two playwrights whose work had been already seen on the Abbey stage, and these two playwrights achieved a tie for the first prize, which audiences later believed to have been a bad award. After these two playwrights, and their respective plays, it was really "the deluge." Fortunately the two plays which were jointly awarded the first prize were plays of much more than average quality; indeed, they were plays which take their places easily amongst the best which the Abbey Theatre has staged.

In *Things that are Caesar's* the Abbey Play Competition discovered a play by a young dramatist who may soon be numbered among those who have contributed greatly to the drama in Ireland. A short play by Paul Vincent Carroll was staged by the Abbey School of Acting in 1931 without attracting much attention, but in *Things that are Caesar's* the young playwright did something that had to be noted. Originally the play was entitled *The New Procrustes*, and on performance it seemed as if the dialogue had also undergone some slight change in parts, which threw some

of the characterization slightly awry. *Things that are Caesar's* is a splendid first play; it is the author's first full-length play, and if he can continue to write plays as good in the future his progress will be eagerly watched by the whole world. He handled a difficult theme with considerable skill, and if there may be found traces of some of the major dramatists of our day in his work, that is a fault that will speedily be eradicated as he gains confidence in his powers. In the first act the echo of Stringberg is pronounced; in the second act there is Bernard Shaw; and in the third there is an unmistakable trace of Sean O'Casey. What weakness there is in the play, and it is not very marked, is in the third act, indicating that Mr. Carroll has not yet acquired the technical skill to carry him the full distance.

*Things that are Caesar's* is the drama of an unhappy marriage, in which the dominating power of the Church seems to add to the burden of an unhappy husband and father. From one aspect it might be said to be a studied attack on the powers of the Church, and the priest comes from the conflict badly battered. The story is concerned with one Peter Hardy, an ex-schoolmaster, who married the proprietress of a public-house. When he married Peter had £300, which went into the business as his heart never did, and it was his wife Julia who continued to be the controlling and directing force. From the shop her power spread to her husband and her two children, so that the dreamy and brooding radicalism of Peter Hardy gradually developed into a burning revolt. His love turned to bitter hate, and the only words he had for his wife were biting cynicism. To make matters worse, and rather to spoil the effect of the play, Peter Hardy developed heart disease, which earned for him the pity of everyone except his wife. The final struggle between the pair comes when their daughter Eilish ran away from the convent school just one day before she was due to be expelled. Their son is in America, probably starving as his father thinks, but with hands to work as his mother says. Julia Hardy conceives the idea of marrying Eilish to the loutish son of her former sweetheart, and this brings all her husband's loathing to volcanic pitch. Peter determined to bar the door on this family when they came match-making; but his heart gave out at the critical moment, and the Noonans entered his house literally over his dead body. Julia's plans for the marriage progressed amid some farcical jollification until the eve of the wedding



day; but on that day, when all her friends were about her in alcoholic glee, Eilish rebelled. The girl just ran from the house screaming: out into the night—whither? She had “come down from her hill into the valley,” as Father Duffy said, “and she did not like it—yet.” That she ever would like it was doubtful.

The play which was bracketed as equal with *Things that are Caesar's* was entitled *Temporal Powers*, by Miss Teresa Deevy, who had two plays produced at the Abbey in previous years and who was already known as a very interesting and promising playwright. In *Temporal Powers* Miss Deevy treated in dramatic terms the many-faceted ideas of right and wrong. What is right to a person under certain conditions at one moment may be wrong to the same person if the conditions change; and right becomes wrong and wrong becomes right according to the circumstances of the individual concerned. There is no absolute: all is shifting and uncertain, and at the mercy of wayward circumstance. In the play three persons have what they believe to be absolute standards, but even they are compelled to lower these under pressure of circumstance. One of these is Michael O'Donovan, a failure as a farmer but very successful as a dreamer, who believes that everything is “meant,” and is in consequence something of a fatalist. His wife, Min, would be “the master of her fate,” but she has the ability only to quibble and grumble. Evicted from their farmstead, they have sought refuge in an old hillside ruin, and while Michael endeavours to make the place habitable, Min lashes him unmercifully with her tongue. Her scorn knows no bounds. While working, Michael discovers a small packet of money hidden behind a loose stone in the wall, and at once Min's tone alters. This will enable them to get away and make a fresh start in America! Michael will have none of such dishonesty: the money is not theirs, he says, and he will hand it over to the priest at once. He leaves the shack for that purpose, but finds that Father O'Brien is not at home. In the meantime his scampish brother-in-law, Ned Cooney, had been released from gaol, and on visiting the ruin makes it clear that the money had been hidden by him. It is the loot of the Post Office, and stealing Government money is no crime to him. Min rather half-heartedly agrees to a division of the money, which she agrees to assist Cooney to secure from her husband. But on his return from the priest's house Michael wavers: he will go to America after all! The

police suspect Cooney of the robbery, and the publication of his description brings one Lizzie Brennan to the point of giving information of his whereabouts so that she may obtain by the offered reward sufficient money to marry. Both Cooney and Donovan are arrested, and while they are undergoing a preliminary trial right and wrong take more strange twists. Even the rigid man who gazes with awe upon the magnificence of the machine of justice would have its operations fail when it overtakes Michael Donovan. Min, too, changes her viewpoint, and discovers that she would not have Michael different, even to be a success. But she had gone too far in her casuistry, and her change came too late. Michael will go to America alone, leaving her to the company of his sister, Maggie Cooney. Her cunning had left her stranded in the end, so that she had succeeded only in losing her husband while straining after her own comfort. That the ideas of right and wrong can have their humours Miss Deevy has shown, and possibly *Temporal Powers* will make her name known to a wider circle. Although the play is written in terms of Irish peasant character, it should commend itself easily to audiences outside Ireland. The ideas of right and wrong are chased through their variations in a manner which would amuse Einstein, attract Pirandello, and have made the late Lord Haldane consider other aspects of the philosophy of relativity.

These two plays would have justified any competition, and in bringing them to the stage the Abbey Theatre did excellent work. Of the other plays which were awarded prizes or were commended by the adjudicators little need be said except that if they were the best that could have been chosen, out of more than a hundred plays which were submitted, the art of play-writing is not flourishing in Ireland at present. *Sheridan's Mills*, by Mr. Norman Webb, was interesting in that it presented an industrial problem in convincing form, but the author was not sufficiently experienced to make the most of his material. *The Mating of Shan McGhie*, which was awarded the Third Prize, proved to be as antiquated in theme as it was amateurish in its technique. The only outstanding quality of the play was the ability displayed by the author in managing his characters in a plausible way, and some of the dialogue was interesting.

It is rather extraordinary that two of the plays of very high quality staged at the Abbey Theatre during the year were not

entered in the Play Competition, as if they had been the awards would certainly have been very different. One of these was a one-act tragedy by a young schoolmaster named A. P. Fanning, entitled *The Vigil*, which was equal in quality to the best one-act plays which the Abbey Theatre has staged, and which gives some ground for hoping that it reveals one who may develop into a considerable playwright. His dialogue rings true, and it has a literary quality that is attractive. The defect of the little play is that it is a little too obviously propagandist material snapped from life. *The Vigil* is little more than a slight sketch of an incident in the "civil war" into which the Irish Free State was born, and its action is confined to the last moments of three typical "irregulars" of that period. A farmer, a poet, and a boy have been captured in a skirmish with Free State troops, in which the Brigadier was mortally wounded. They await a decision of their fate, and as dawn breaks they talk and think about their ideals and their prospects. The farmer soliloquises about his home and his farm; the poet finds that his ideals have degenerated into mere words; the boy is frightened, but still idealistic. They are sentenced to death, but an effort at reprieve ends so well that they are offered immediate release if they will give written guarantees of their future good behaviour. It is the materialistic farmer who answers for the three with an emphatic refusal; and they march into the greyness of the dawn to sacrifice their lives for their dreams.

The other notable first play was *Wrack*, by Peadar O'Donnell, whose novels have already made him a considerable reputation at home and abroad. *Wrack* portrays the lives of the fisherfolk off the Donegal coast; and if it had the marks of the novelist rather than the playwright its situations suggested that its author may nevertheless become a playwright of importance. The characters are vague, typical rather than individualised, and the construction of the play is so simple and straightforward that it might be mistaken for the work of a raw novice. But its six scenes presented an unforgettable picture of the life and struggles of a primitive community; and the dialogue commands attention. The last scene challenges comparison with *Riders to the Sea*, and very successfully emerges from the ordeal.

Of the older playwrights only Messrs. Lennox Robinson and T. C. Murray were represented by new plays during the year. Mr. Murray's *Michaelmas Eve* showed him in his finest form.



Since *Autumn Fire* Mr. Murray has not been seen at his best, and all his admirers will rejoice to have him in form once more. Whatever may have been the cause of the lapses in recent years, this new play proves beyond the possibility of doubt that Mr. Murray, always the master of characterisation and dialogue, is now also a master of dramatic technique. Always Mr. Murray has been the dramatist of gentle and understanding women; but in *Michaelmas Eve* he shows that he can dramatise the soured and scorned women also. There are two remarkably discerning and sympathetic studies of such women in the play, and there is also a splendid portrait of the designing mother who nearly ruined her son's life. Mary Keating had been "jilted" by Terry Donegan years before the play opened, and Mary nursed the wound still when Terry returned after burying his wife in America. Hugh Kearns, the Keating farm-man, and Moll Garvey, daughter of a poaching and drinking father, open the play with passionate declarations of their mutual love; but the designs of Hugh's mother deflect his thoughts to the possible mastery of the Keating farm. Jerry Donegan had to face the fury of the woman he had scorned, and Mary Keating marries Hugh Kearns after brief but psychologically interesting love-making. Then Moll Garvey becomes the scorned woman. Moll is not one to suffer in silence; she nurses her jealousy until it bursts in envenomed fury upon the hapless Hugh. In a fine scene in the third act Moll tempts her former lover until he kisses her, and when he throws her from him she turns naturally towards vengeance. Poisoning minds or using rat poison to make a corpse? In either case she would break a marriage. She failed with both weapons, because in the use of each she failed at the crucial moment. So she goes out of the Keating home, but probably not out of their lives.

In *All's Over Then*, Mr. Lennox Robinson's contribution, was yet another of that author's experiments which did not quite succeed. The play presents the small family of the Swinnertons at a moment when the daughter, Maggie, has returned to her home after an absence of eight years. Maggie is twenty-one and the author of a successful novel, but she has been away from her parents since she was thirteen years old. The theme of the play is the enmity of mother and daughter, born of the mother's jealousy of the place which the girl has taken in her father's affection. It moves in crescendo to a point at which the daughter



narrowly escapes death by gas-poisoning at the hands of her mother, and from that to the suicide of the mother when she discovers that she had lost all hope of retaining the affection of her husband when he discovered the lengths to which her jealous hatred had carried her. The play is excellently constructed, with dialogue that is natural and easy, and it contains in the characters of the two women parts that may make or enhance the reputations of some great actresses. Once again Mr. Robinson had located his play in some indeterminate region, which will make it all the easier to act outside Ireland ; but it is quite definitely an entertainment rather than serious drama.

The Abbey Theatre's most popular play of the year was a farce-comedy entitled *The Big Sweep*, by Mr. M. M. Brennan, who has done something similar on previous occasions. The topicality of the theme was sufficient to attract the more easily-pleased type of audience, and there was plenty of scope for vigorous laughter in the situations, characters and dialogue.

An interesting event was the first production in Ireland of Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, but unfortunately the great Norwegian fared indifferently well in the hands of the cast which was chosen to present his play at the Abbey.

The Gate Theatre's dominance during the year was gained by the consistent selection of good and worth-while plays rather than in the presentation of new plays for the first time. Most of the plays offered were staged for the first time in Ireland, but many of them had been known to a wider world for a considerable time. Nevertheless, the Gate Theatre staged during the year four new plays by Irish authors, all of which were interesting without making any extravagant claims.

In *Obsession in India*, the first play by Mr. R. E. Goddard, was found some crude melodrama with a garnishing of Hindu mysticism. It was a very interesting first effort, with an original plot and a number of exciting situations. There is always the trouble with plays of the occult in that they must begin and end on the material plane if they are to hold the attention of audiences. For that reason, perhaps, they invariably begin in murmuring and end in murders. When Colonel O'Keeffe and Bharat Singh, inseparable companions, take possession of the Colonel's mind as reincarnations of Schwartz and Ranke, who had fought for one Loretta, the train is laid for that " blood in the fifth act "

which is the tradition of melodrama. In this extremely interesting play the author managed to keep his occultism fully in tune with his triangular melodrama, and, in consequence, made his audiences thank him for a good job well done.

Having achieved some distinction with a first novel at the beginning of the year, the Countess of Longford entered the ranks of the playwrights with *Queens and Emperors*. The play opens with three Judean ladies whose names are familiar to students of history—Salome, Berenice and Drusilla—discussing their loves and divorces in the palace of Herod Agrippa in Jerusalem, in A.D. 65. These good ladies were familiar, even at that early age, with Freudian theories, and their complexes provided them with subjects for conversation to relieve the tedium. Their tedious lives were rudely shaken by the unrest of the Judean populace, which rebelled and drove Herod into the arms of the victorious Vespasian and his effeminate son Titus. Herod made an intellectual speech to the enraged mob, but as its feelings remained unassuaged he was forced to take refuge on the stool of a government office in Rome. His sisters, like the three sisters of Tchekhov's play, believed that there could be no boredom in the imperial capital, but they quickly discovered that empty lives remain empty in even the greatest of cities. Vespasian becomes Emperor and opens his new Colosseum in splendour; while Titus assumes new dignity as heir to the throne. Poor Berenice is left in the end to her own devices as she was in the beginning. The play is packed with witty and satirical dialogue, which can always be amusing, but it is weak in action and lacking in climax. The identification of its characters with persons prominent in contemporary Ireland gave the play an added savour for those who could appreciate it.

*Carmilla* was dramatised from a short story by Sheridan le Fanu by the Earl of Longford, and it bore the marks of its time heavily upon it. There was no attempt made to bring either its psychology or its phraseology up to date, with the effect that its language seemed artificial and stilted in the theatre. It is a vampire tale which concerns the beautiful Countess Karnstein, who under several names practised vampirism. Her practices devastated an entire village, after which she set out upon a series of individual adventures, two of which make the play. She charmed herself into the confidence of Bertha Spielsdorf, with disastrous results, and then gained the confidence of Laura in

her Styrian schloss. General Spielsdorf vowed vengeance, and found himself in a position to wreak that vengeance ere Laura's life was forfeited. The final scene, in the ruined chapel of the Karnsteins, was really thrilling, as was the actual vampire scene in the second act. It is possible the *Carmilla* would make an infinitely more harrowing film than did *Dracula*.

*Dark Waters*, by Miss Dorothy Macardle, is an occult play of another kind, which suggests Maeterlinckian influence. In it are the mysterious effects of an old prophecy accidentally discovered upon the household of an old Irish family on the Western seaboard. It is a kind of *Turn of the Screw* without ghostly visitations, in which there are thrills without horrors. Oliver Carmichael, an Irish archaeologist, had discovered an old manuscript hidden in his chimney, had translated it from the Irish, and had found that it recorded the prophetic visions of an ancestor who had been dead for two centuries. Some of these visions had come true; but what was to obsess Oliver was a vision which fitted exactly his own circumstances. Living in a lonely house with his only child, a daughter named Una, and a few retainers this vision made such an impression on his mind that it actually came to pass. In the vision of the dead Roland Carmichael dark waters covered the head of a girl; he who loved her carried her from them; and he whom she loved died by her hand. On the eve of Samhain Una saw something like that in her mirror, which she used in accordance with Irish tradition to envisage her future husband. The mirror fell from her hand and was shattered to pieces, so that a period of seven years' bad luck was the inevitable penalty. The young French archaeologist, Roland Carmichael, visiting the house, found that he was a kinsman, and also came to love Una. Oliver was stricken with a deadly malady of the blood, and Una was a somnambulist; so the entire family was easy prey. The visiting Frenchman desired to cross water to inspect Ogham inscriptions; but Oliver dreaded the journey for his daughter. Roland had to be told about the prophecy of their ancestor, and duly warned, but he treated the whole matter as a growing obsession of Oliver's. Nevertheless, the projected journey was abandoned, but the sudden illness of Oliver compelled Una to go upon the "dark waters" of the lough, and the sudden uprising of a storm made the prophet once more accurate. Only he whom she loved now should die by her hand to make it complete.



Una loved both her father and Roland—which was it to be? Oliver decided that it was Roland, and asked him to leave the house; but Roland only laughed again. Then the question was answered by Una walking in her sleep straight to the bedside of her father and offering him a fatal dose of his sleeping-draught. He swallowed it without a murmur, as if he desired the prophecy to be correct, and had time only to scribble a message on the back of the fatal manuscript before he died. The play should have ended there, but Miss Macardle carried it to the happy end in lovers' meeting, and produced anti-climax.

The really outstanding productions of the Gate Theatre were not the new plays, but the presentations of European, American and British plays of modern times, many of which were staged for the first time in Ireland. The year opened with *Death Takes a Holiday*, and continued with a succession of the most interesting plays of the contemporary theatre. There was the French play of municipal corruption, *Topaze*, a revival of *Berkeley Square*, Tchekov's *The Cherry Orchard*, and *The Seagull*, and a really splendid revival of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. Shakespeare was represented by magnificent productions of *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and Congreve by *The Way of the World*, Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband* and Zola's *Therese Raquin* brought the airs of the 'nineties with Anatole France's *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*. The newer Ireland was fittingly represented by *The Singer* of Padraic Pearse and by *Easter, 1916*, of Michael MacLiammoir. All of these productions were interesting in their several ways, and always they were delightfully mounted and costumed. It is the mounting and the costuming which constitute the distinctive contribution of Messrs. Hilton Edwards and Michael MacLiammoir to the art of the theatre in Ireland, and it is a contribution for which they deserve all the gratitude which large audiences and steady patronage can render unto them. So magnificent is their work in these important departments of theatrical art that often the magnificent settings and the splendour of the costumes will linger in the mind when all of the play they decorated has been forgotten. To have brought the theatre in Ireland away from the drabness of the old settings and costumes is a great achievement, of which the Gate Theatre must be very proud and for which audiences must be grateful.



# THE FAIR

*Adapted by Gwen John*

NOTE :—The adapter of this composite playlet is indebted to the Fifteenth Idyl of Theocritus, rendered into English prose by Andrew Lang, published in the volume "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus" by Messrs. Macmillan, who have kindly given their permission for this use of it; also to the unknown author of the sixteenth-century Idyl, *Phillida's love-call to her Corydon, and his replying*; from *England's Helicon*, 1600.

## *Characters :*

MARGERY	}	.	.	.	<i>Friends.</i>
URSULA					
BETSY	.	.	.	.	<i>Maid.</i>
HUMPHRY (small child)	}	.	.	.	<i>All Ursula's children.</i>
ROGER					
PERILLA					
OLD WOMAN.					
A KIND MAN.					
A RUDE MAN.					

*Three Mummers, Phillida and Corydon and Phillida's mother. Schoolmaster, Pedlar, Man with Horses, Crowd, Dog. It will help the effect if the mummers are young and small in size.*

*Scene : A small house in a street in a country town.*

*17th Century dress (or 16th or 18th).*

*The setting required for Ursula's house is elementary—little more than doorposts. It is set up stage. When the characters leave it may be withdrawn or allowed to remain, whichever is convenient. The walk to the fair is once across up stage, followed by once across down stage. The raised step on which the women take refuge from the crowd may have served earlier as part of Ursula's house.*

## THE FAIR.

MARGERY : Is Mistress Ursula within ?

URSULA : Indeed she is within ! Dear Margery, how long it is since I have seen you. The wonder is that you have got here at last, with all these crowds in the streets. Betsy, see to it that the lady has a chair ! Throw a cushion on it too.

MARGERY : It looks most comfortable as it is. (*Cushion placed*).  
But lovely now !

URSULA : There ! Do sit down.

MARGERY : Oh, Ursula, what a thing it is to have a spirit ! I assure you I have hardly got here alive ! What a huge crowd for the fair, what hosts of horses ! Everywhere riding boots, and men in feathered hats ! And the road is endless ; yes—you live too far away !

URSULA : It is all the fault of that madman of a husband of mine. Here he came to the ends of the earth and took, not a house, but a hovel—and all that we might not be neighbours, I do believe ! The spiteful wretch, always the same, always jealous of me !

MARGERY : Don't talk of Robert like that, my dear girl ! Before the little boy too !—Look how he is staring at you.—Never mind, Humphry, sweet child, we are not talking about his dada !

URSULA : Mercy on us, the child's taking notice ! Look at the pretty pictures, little boykin !

MARGERY : Nice boo'ful dada !

URSULA (*Loud aside*) : That dada of his the other day—we call every day the other day, but it was yesterday—went to buy me soap and oatmeal at the shop—and he came back to me with salt, the great big endless fellow !

MARGERY : Mine has the same trick too—a brain like a sieve has my Barthelmy ! And a spendthrift—money melts from his pocket—trouble on trouble !—Yesterday he got what he asked for five fleeces ; top price, and our living assured till Christmas. And what do you suppose he did ? Spent every penny of it ! And what on, I ask you ? Leather bags, embroidered garters, and a new Sunday waistcoat ! And none of them, mind you, good cheap !

URSULA : Men are all alike !

MARGERY : You may well say so ! But come, let us forget our troubles ! Take your hat and cloak. Let us off to see fashion at the fair—I hear Madam at the hall has provided mummers, and excellent entertainment.

URSULA : Folk that pay the piper may call the tune. How I pine for a little gay company ! Bless me, it is nearly time we were there.

MARGERY : And what a tale we shall have to tell to the stay-at-homes !

URSULA : Indeed, and so we shall !—But then, idlers have always holiday ! Not we, Margery, we work for our treat !—Betsy, lazy girl, bring in a small cake for Mistress Margery, she has walked two miles. There, bustle, don't stand still in the middle of the room !—Cats always like to sleep soft ; the labour I have to teach that girl how to be handy ! There is the cake, Ursula, take it. Betsy, don't drop the crumbs on the floor. Oh, stupid girl, you've shown it to Humphry, and now nothing will satisfy him but he must have one ! Fetch him one of those that broke in the oven !—Where is the key of the big chest ?

*(Betsy goes for the cake. Ursula unlocks the chest, and takes out her best clothes).*

MARGERY : Ursula, how well that full gown becomes you. How much did the stuff cost you just off the loom ?

URSULA : Off the loom, quotha !—I wove it myself, and I nearly slaved my soul out over it. And I paid one pound for the worsted, in good silver money !

MARGERY : Well, it is most successful, it was worth the pains. I always say that if a gown is a success, no pains are too dear.

URSULA : Thank you for the compliment. I am happy to please you. Betsy child, bring my cloak, set it on my shoulders. Now my hat ! There, sloped so, the fashionable way ! Now one would say we were London ladies !

*(Humphry whimpers).*

No, baby, I am not going to take you with me ! I have enough to do with the boy and girl who don't need to be carried !—Roger and Perilla, are you ready ?—Boo, Humphry, —Bogies ! Bite little Humphry ! There's a horse there that kicks.—Cry as much as you please, but I cannot have you

lamed!—Let us start. Betsy, take the little cryboy, keep him amused, call in the dog, and shut the street door. Remember, there are pickpockets abroad on fair-day!

*(They—the two women and two children—go into the street).*

*(Arrived in the street).* Odds my life! What a crowd! How on earth shall we get through this coil? They are like ants, without number!—Oh, Margery, what will become of us? here come the prize horses!—My dear sir, don't let them trample on us. See, one has its heels to us, and it is angry! Perilla, you foolhardy girl, will you never keep out of the way?—Surely that stallion will kill the man who is leading him! What a blessed thing I left Humphry safe at home!

MARGERY: Courage, Ursula, they are leaving us now; and they are going into their paddock!

URSULA: There, I begin to be myself again! Ever since I was a child I have feared nothing so much as horses and the chilly snake! Come along, or the crowd will swallow us!

MARGERY *(To an old woman)*: Have you been inside the booth, mother?

OLD WOMAN: I have, daughter.

URSULA: Is it easy to get in?

OLD WOMAN: The Captain reached port by trying, pretty lady! Trying will do everything, in the long run.

MARGERY: A wise old woman! Her answer is bound to be true.

URSULA: A wise woman. She knows how to speak one fair!

MARGERY: See, Ursula, how the crowd thickens round the gate!

URSULA: It terrifies me! Give me your hand, Perilla. And you, Roger, take her other hand, for fear I lose the two of you! Let us all stand or fall together. Clutch me tight, Perilla.—Roger, wicked boy, where did you find that apple?

ROGER: It is a windfall.

URSULA: Heaven send it is not the schoolmaster's! There he comes, Roger, and the story will out.—No, Master Schoolmaster, it is not one of your codlins. And, if it were, I am man enough to chastise my own boy!—Oh, Margaret, how tiresome, my lovely dress is rent! See, I must mend it to-morrow!—Have a care, sir, take heed how you push and pull!



A MAN : I can hardly help myself, but I will be as careful as I may be !

URSULA : How close packed is the mob, like a flock of sheep !

THE MAN (*Drawing her on to a step*) : Courage, lady, all is well with us now !

URSULA : Both this year and for ever may all be well with you, sir, for your care of us all ! (*To Margery*) A good kind man ! But we are letting Perilla get squeezed. Come, wretched girl, push !—squeeze your way through ! (*Pulling her up on step*). That is the way. Now we are all on the right side of the door, as the bridegroom said when he shut himself in with the bride !

MARGERY : See this pedlar's goods, Ursula ! Look at these embroideries, how light, how lovely ! Fashions for fairies !

URSULA : And what spinners wrought these ! What dyers coloured them, so fair they are ! How natural those birds, like living creatures, not patterns woven ! What a clever thing is man !

A RUDE STRANGER : You weariful women, will you always be talking ! Do cease your endless cooing talk ! They bore one to death with their eternal broad vowels !

MARGERY : Indeed ; and where do you come from, sir ? What is it to you if we are chatterboxes ? Give orders to your own wife, sir, and Heaven pity her ! We are country women, but we own no master from the city ! Country women, I presume, may lawfully speak country speech !

URSULA : And may we never have to ask your permission, sir ! Go home where you come from, and put your wife on short commons if you grudge her the liberty to speak her mind ! But never touch us !

MARGERY : Sh ! Sh ! Ursula ! Enough, for the mummers come, with their pretty ribbons ! This is the story of Phillida and Corydon : They begin !

*(The Mummers' Play. First they set their stage, all the scenery needed being a simulated doorway and an upstanding tree-trunk. There are three mummers, and the characters represented are Phillida, a Shepherdess ; Corydon, a Shepherd ; and the mother of Phillida).*

PHILLIDA : Corydon, arise, my Corydon,  
Titan shineth clear !

CORYDON : Who is it that calleth Corydon ?  
Who is it that I hear ?

PHILLIDA : Phillida, thy true love calleth thee,  
Arise then, arise then ;  
Arise and keep thy flock with me !

CORYDON : Phillida, my true love, is it she ?  
I come then, I come then,  
I come to keep my flock with thee.

PHILLIDA : Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon  
Eat them for my sake !

CORYDON : Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one  
Sport for thee to make.

PHILLIDA : Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk  
To knit thee, to knit thee  
A pair of stockings white as milk.

CORYDON : Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat  
To make thee, to make thee  
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

PHILLIDA : I will gather flowers, my Corydon  
To set in thy cap—

CORYDON : I will gather pears, my lovely one  
To put in thy lap.

PHILLIDA : I will buy my true love garters gay  
For Sundays, for Sundays,  
To wear about his legs so tall.

CORYDON : I will buy my true love yellow saye  
For Sundays, for Sundays  
To wear about her middle small.

PHILLIDA : When my Corydon sits on a hill  
Making melody—

CORYDON : When my lovely one goes to her wheel  
Singing cheerily—

PHILLIDA : Sure methinks my true love doth excel  
For sweetness, for sweetness  
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight !

CORYDON : And methinks my true love bears the bell  
For clearness, for clearness  
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright !

*(Enter in the distance Phillida's mother ; she seems cross).*

PHILLIDA : Yonder comes my mother, Corydon  
Whither shall I fly ?

CORYDON : Under yonder beech, my lovely one,  
While she passeth by !

PHILLIDA : Say to her thy true love was not here !  
Remember, remember,  
To-morrow is another day ! *(She hides).*

CORYDON : Doubt me not my true love, do not fear ;  
Farewell then, farewell, then.  
Heaven keep our loves alway !

*(Phillida's mother approaches looking suspicious. Corydon sweeps off his hat and bows. She stumps angrily away.)*

MARGERY : Ursula—these players are better than we fancied !  
Happy players !—And happy we to hear them !—But all  
the same it is time to be making for home. My Barthlemy  
has not had his dinner, and the man is all vinegar—never  
venture near him when he is kept waiting for his food !  
Farewell, pretty mummers ; farewell !—may we meet again  
next year !

# NIETZSCHE

By Dermot Murphy

(concluded)

Before he fled to madness there was no evidence that Nietzsche ever entertained the hyperbole of individualism, or took refuge in the pathological country of solipsism from which no writ of extradition, no *exeat regni*, can remove the subject. The consummation of his philosophy was but a reversal, in a great rage, of the historic world-scheme elaborated by the German idealists and romanticists. They seemed to be constantly waylaid by wonders within and wonders without united by bonds of tautology and identity, and wont to say, with the Duke of Flamborough, that things would be odder if they were at all otherwise. To him it seemed that they cheated at words, settled the everlasting feud between appearances and logic by means of rum, incantation, or the respiration of ether; they seemed to create a premature quiescence in the eternal perplexities of being by an habitual and easy self-indulgence, very much as a happy drinking fellow does, whose mind, first full of a lot of confused certainties, is at length lulled to semi-coma by sense of a higher and hitherto eclipsed correspondence and serene connexion between himself and the world, borne up to ineffable wisdoms by the musical fitness of every proposition he hears.

The idealists' phenomena were enclosed in a seamless husk of mind, and their Thing, let that alone, was really different after somebody knew it. Nietzsche denied that the world was a human world, or was given positive significance only after the insurgence of the human race in it. He predicated rather the continued indifference and impartial hostility of Nature to the apish upstarts who let on to know her. Ungoverned, reckless will-to-might was the mark of nature's favourites, hitherto, now and forever. Her law was, that the strong shall prevail over the weak, the hard squeeze the soft flat, the swift overtake the slow. He concentrated his scorn on morality, naming its conventional aspect Christianity so that there might be no doubt or distraction of his meaning: that "morality," not being eternal *a parte ante* by the measure of aeons, could not go on for ever being what it was.

Christianity was a perversion of the human instinct, a morality of slaves, a clap-net designed by slaves for the enmeshing alike of slaves and masters. It consisted in repeating that people must succour and console all humanity by justice and charity, and by the long-extended hope of a reward, now here, now elsewhere. It needed the craftiest reasoners to sustain the imposture, and they were never wanting. Trained up in the art of intellectual and emotional persuasion, talking with equal fluency and plenty from professorial chair and pastoral pulpit, they could preach themselves into believing and believe themselves into preaching a religion that never succeeded except in practice, whose truth is limited by exact testimony to the crust of one planet, and there to the one uneasy, baroque species of animals; whose falsity is made manifest even in the admitted desertion of its gospel by every road of enlightenment and advance, and the direct departure by every fruitful man from its conventionally inscribed principles. And deceived on this side they could even pass the buck: with sublime impertinence discern a primordial moral law in the universe, make every innocent transaction of nature propaganda for enslavement. Differently, the master-morality said: be hard, be strong, and void of pity.



So Nietzsche saw, or said he saw, traditional morality to be a convention. Then it was a lie, and hence an hypocrisy. For him it consisted in the ugly posture of continuing not to see what he could see, namely, that justice and charity and pity did not exist at the natural level of human instinct. It was vain to have contended that men and societies cannot thrive as well as live at this level. Only those can which do. The supreme instinct was the need for power. It was all instinct, and dwelt meanly and burned low in the slave as it fired the master and made him strong and majestic. Then the weak *successfully* exercised this instinct, for they had the power of the many and the uniform. This was true, and the toward disappearance of the very diminished master, the hereditary or ascendent chief, was the full measure of the horror.

How then did he avoid the paralogism of deducing from Nature, after she had decided that the weak should rule, the necessary and continued supremacy of the strong? He acquitted nature of any direct complicity in the distressing outcome. The weak had the upper hand; but not because they willed to have. Plainly it was nature's darlings, the strong, who had been seduced by numberless opportunities to ennoble the ignoble. They had willed themselves into captivity. What then? The natural masters must revolt against their subjection, and this now only to the end that the human race may mount another step above themselves towards a full and continuous sense of their audacity, contrive another spurt into newer terms of consciousness, make another final denial of finality.

And yet, lest sharpeners, slaves, unbalanced middling men and meddling men, egoists, negoists and sharks who preyed on the abounding blubber of society owned the presumption that they were elect, and with that pretext took on the crest of natural nobility, they were let hearken to the tale of the character and merits by which the master might know himself.

He would have will, and the will first to be hard within, dissembling nothing from himself. He would make him a discipline of fortitude, forbearance and purity as strict as he could bear, which is strict, banish the common and ugly from his life, find himself out and inflict on himself as on a captive enemy pains of service to the idea of power. He must endure a poverty that cannot be mended with gifts, a poverty of illusion that would make his naked vision, were he not unafraid and strong, to be like a lasting dream wherein all humanity are subdued to some ugly transformation.

These strait-laced brethren may be on the lurk in any quarter, and let them be, for they are longanimous and invincible to a fault; but your neighbour placidly smoking his pipe and rotating his grog is not likely to be one of them. His eye is a cow's eye, and not an eagle's. His cheek is full of flesh, most of which is tongue, and though there is plenty of mileage in him still, his breath is short. Different from him, the supermen, for aught we know at this moment to the contrary, are straying in little packs on the breasts of the hills, lean-flanked, gymnastic and silent. Their bad big dogs leap before them as they advance, and the intelligence that goes forward out of their terrible measuring eyes peels off the wrappages of scholarship, falsehood and habit that invest the largest and simplest behaviour of the far-off breed who huddle hereabout in the petticoats of cities. They see them always, these others, with more than animal, more than human sight: the man in a decent apron who, serving a god that does not command him turn the other pocket, is frisked of a shilling by a nimble thief and satisfies

his thirst for justice by lightening the customer's half of the balance till justice is done ; him clad in foxes who shoots slyly from cover at half-crowns, using of a military language that makes creation stoop a little more ; the *chiffonnier* in robe who harvests the cigar-butts of apostles and the debris of burst shams in the gutter for sibylline leaves ; them who merchandise their love and feed on cruelty ; the brigade whose power it is to have the spurs of hunger meet in their belly, and the millionth pale mask with thin lips. In the fulness of time the hand of the masters will go out to the censorious axe, and the world is their prey.

Aristotle said with a smile that fictions were more philosophical than history, because they tell, not of the still formality of having been, but of what stands for ever in the threshold ready to be. In Nietzsche, by the intuitive reach of his revolt against the two rapacious boss-concepts of German nineteenth-century philosophy, world-will and world-idea, there remained no history. For this reason his thought is the complement as well as the counterpart of Goethe's. Between them in Germany they trace a curve to a locus beyond which there is only the inane of the undoubted self, recrimination of values upon self, reprehension of the aged spirit of mankind in self. The tremendous criticism of the past dispersed in his attack on Christianity is not an historical view, but cancels by internal dispute to a categorical demand that the prevailing results of historical development should be suddenly annulled. Not historical, because history the object was the wherefore in which were implicit our opinions, his opinions, and all object actuality of the flying moment. It was necessity ratified by the awakening man, and habit having newly prompted even the aspirations that are free of our limits and secret from our understanding. History was all that was dead and nothing that lived, said the sage ; it was indolence and fatigue of the spirit. But—*Die Vorteile in dieser Zeit : Nichts ist wahr ! Alles ist erlaubt !* The past was but a picture given. Around us was the actuality that was already past ere we had conceived our place in it. But freedom, the instant actuality, the eternal present, was seated in the throne of our will. We, then, or we be nothing, are that necessity which hating we love, hiding from we are concealed by.

Evidently then most men are nothing. The little few, the conscious and the proud, are all ; and here he pleads for the oblivion, not only of conventional cause, but of instinct, the child of experience. This for a lovely, a lonely and unhindered advance towards the largest mortal aperture of possibility. No longer aiming in the dark by the flash of the firearm (like pistol homicides in the cinema) the radical aristocrat will hunt nobly in the private daylight of his intelligence, his will and his intuition of force and direction. Whither this advance he did not say : only whence—from the corrupt, the common and the ugly ; for he had already chosen between them : between fiction and history, between the unfinished record of the decay of beauty, power of creation and possibility, and the complex series of cause which converges and terminates for ever in present sensation and thought.

For what good ? There is here no question but one that anticipates the terms of the answer. Not, at least, for the good of those "good" men that you see in the street. "Es gibt in mir," he confesses, "ein Misstrauen—selbst gegen Gründe.—Ich habe nur selten den Mut zu dem, was ich eigentlich weisz." Can a man really know a thing more than once ?

There is said to be a technical distinction in philosophy, less important, perhaps, than inside and outside in joinery, or *hausse* and *baisse* in finance or navigation, and it deals summarily with object and subject. It is perilous for any unauthorised person to meddle with them, lest he, as it were, evacuate the interior volume of his job, cry down his own credit, make his vessel a landmark and a laughing-stock for the seafaring public. But using the same mistrust of general principles as he, it might be said of Nietzsche that he abused the subjective character of his dramatic revery whenever he re-imagined it, as he did over and over, in terms of objective values. These values were abstractions from his dream, not motives towards it. His dream was of a world transformed by the moral strengthening of the individual, himself the seer and singer of that world, and by patriarchal prescription the best mind in it : the one which (in Schiller's words) first put greatness into life instead of sought it there. But as only the aesthetic appreciator of that new life he was not concerned in it at all, and could not be until he ceased from leaning thoughtfully over it, as over a billiard table, and became part of it. This would be letting go his meaning of the new life by a diminishing of the self. Any diminishing of the self is, by his hypothesis, a loss of individuality. Any loss of individuality is loss of will, and a becoming part of the cosmic necessity.

So his values inverted themselves capriciously, as a picture of a relief becomes a hollow at some phases of attention, and that is why he made so much of his voluntary transvaluation (not "*devaluation*") of all values. Many men have stuck to those *Gründe*, and so have deprived their dreams of any other earthly meaning than their content, and the gratification, or satiation, of the ego ; and they peacefully and powerfully consent to share in the general reality the commonest impotences of the race. But Nietzsche must hide the *Gründe* away from him, and it was the interment of an incubus whose charge had delayed his plenary enjoyment of the world's productive energy. The ellipsis of his thought, like a bridge at early dawn flinging its opulent span for nothing, leaped over an empty gulf ; and this gulf has yawned in human reflection, according to the cranial excavations of Sir Arthur Keith, for more than fifty thousand years. The sanctions and restraints of the herd morality were no more, and the world, as for the wild bull, was always beginning now.

About the time of this *salto immortale* he had the idea to write to George Brandes and inform him that his pulse was then the same as Napoleon's : sixty. For what of Brandes was the thoughtful, prudent, germanising historian, Napoleon was the name of an exalted unconscious victim tied to some nameless purpose, one of those who, altering what was always changing, only altered it with so much more uniformity, personality and continuity than that vulgar democratic politician who is flung like a bit of suet to the top of the pot to tell how much boiling is going on at the bottom. But letting Napoleon pass, as past he was without any doubt in 1888, Nietzsche's intuitions took him beyond restatements of necessity (the current total of speculation) to a visionary stand whence he viewed all men as equally potent to move the world, and as varying only in their real good, which was directly proportional to the force of their will. Evil, that was to have little or no will : to be meek, perplexed, penetrable ; to look backward like Lot's wife ere the setting onward, and like that pensive saline widow, to become suddenly and definitively a motionless detail of the inalterable, meaningless



picture which is the past. Live dangerously, he said, inviting people to live in dangerous disproportion to their capacity to see the world steadily and see it wholly as a libation of aesthetic opportunity. The practical, which is philosophy (unless it is not too late to differ from Plato) had ceded to ecstasy. And where he stood, as in a difficult battle, every one for further orders must think for himself.

That he smithed so much of the suspect rhetoric of pessimism into jewellery of price, the categorical assertion, does not conclude Nietzsche's claim to his place; nor is it alone his failure, publicly dramatised in the too well-known paroxysm of his mental life, that relieves him from among the sturdy pamphleteers. It is the brilliance of his protestation against Christianity—for *that* it is that he does not remain to be forgiven.

In his *Drang nach Osten* Schopenhauer reached India, but Nietzsche tarried in Greece, the far-west of the unperplexed Orient, where the metaphysical will to form first struck its roots and prepared for one half of mankind a secular effervescence of striving towards new forms and cleavages so intense and transitory in detail that the consequences of each action performed by the western man seem to accumulate around him hourly in the shape of made objects, that subdue him, emerging from the brute matter which he has subdued to his life. And the western man regrets no past uses, such being his wisdom. The sitting Buddha became Schopenhauer's emblem, emblem of a foresight of the equal or superior advantages of repose. But every day Nietzsche enacted in his own person the tragedy of western intellect and religion over again, the tragedy of thought without feeling, of the soul enriched by the irreversible destruction of all else than itself and taking on a myriad disguises for varying the same attempt to moisten and reduce the meaningless, self-presented problems, sober with life or death, of whence and why. For Schopenhauer and his Buddha knowledge was virtue and obedience, as it was for Socrates and the other sages. But for Nietzsche, as the man of a newer age, knowledge could be only power, and the greater power as the margin of the unknown, the other-nature or super-nature, vanished. His adoption of the pictorial working-hypotheses of the century included Darwinism, with its alleged maxims of survival and fitness. Christianity, through its alleged commands of pity, charity and justice, reversed the first order of nature and established a passing disorder.

If Christianity fostered, with intention to regulate, that individualism of enlarging idea conjoined to purpose and action of which Europe is so long the theatre, then it is necessary to supply some attribute to Christianity that will go far to compensate the disablement of the blame: that Christianity created a war in the breast. Without that war the search for individuality and unquiet had perhaps ceased with the supervention of the eternal quiet at the roots of human being, the psychological necessity, which the Orient had already found. But Nietzsche was deaf to the historical and the idealist plea; it was appeal to inertia as an unique law, a tautology that only kept the steadier in view the decadence and artificiality which he pondered, now, in language whose echoes and solitudes were intimations of heights above consciousness and depths below it for ever unexplored by man—states of being unrealised and awaiting the unknown light of the experimenting will.

The peace and happiness of mankind—that was the peace and happiness of cabbages in the kitchen garden. Some time they must go to pot. Some time the



race must be stirred to consciousness of this truth : that peace and happiness by nature are not allowed to animals, but only to plants and minerals and that part of nature which, it seems, can never become mind. The destiny of mankind in the mass can be but one : service to the best of themselves, the individual vehicles of destiny enveloped in higher and higher orders of men. Else they have none, any more than have the animalcules that compose, in soapy sheets in the southern seas, the multicellular, quasi-autonomous societies of common feeding and breeding that have no other aim but to go on existing as societies as long as possible—as long as till when they disappear, torn into provinces, down the gullet of a porpoise or some other animal infinitely higher in the aesthetic or biological ladder of being. Then he would sacrifice the security, the happiness and comfort of mankind to his idea of a beauty, his soaring God's-eye view of a better thing ? That is so. He would do only that.

Nietzsche was a great philosopher, in so much as he had that for a philosophy which he was plainly the kind of man to have, and knew it. Finding the reasons were bad for what he believed to be true, he made his truth, that would not fortify his reasons with justice, justify his reasoning by force. Among the philosophers, unless *the Aristotle (Aristoteles ille)* is excepted, he was the only critical psychologist ; the only one who knew, and said he knew, that a sudden discovery in the self, a discovery of an original and unsuspected leaning of the whole man, entailed a new orientation of the self to the whole existing construction of the mind. The old philosophers usually did not see, or at all events give evidence of neglecting, some of the data of knowledge which, ceasing to be aggregated parts of some of the data of their philosophy, had become chemical constituents of others. So it was with transcendental Kant and Swedenborg's ghosts. And if Kant had lived another sixty years while physiology was advancing towards knowledge of the structure of sense-organs, and particularly of the ear, he could not have argued with so much inward conviction (nor outer cogency) that the concept of space is not bodily, like the concept of weight, but an innate and fundamental property of the mind. In our own day the philosophies (except perhaps in their epistemological part) have an established orientation to the possibility of an object-significance waiting to be ascribed to the phenomena of “ thought transference,” “ automatic writing,” and the “ evidential message ” of psychical research, without but seldom that they acknowledge *this* to be so great a part of a new and supplementary basis of the criticism of commonsense.

# A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS MOORE (*continued.*)

By *M. J. MacManus.*

## THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS (1818)

THE/FUDGE FAMILY/IN/*Paris.*/(*rule*)/EDITED BY/THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER,  
/AUTHOR OF THE TWOPENNY POSTBAG./(*rule*)/Le Leggi della maschera richiedono  
che una persona masche-/rata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce  
malgrado il/suo travestimento.—CASTIGLIONE./(*rule*)/LONDON:/PRINTED FOR  
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,/AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW./(*rule*)/1818./

*Size* : 7 x 4 $\frac{1}{8}$  inches.

*Signatures* : [A], 4 leaves ; B—L, in eights ; M, 4 leaves.

*Pagination* : Pp. viii + 168. A 12 pp. list of Longman's advertisements,  
dated April 17, 1818, is sewn in at the end of the book between the final leaf of  
text and the rear end-paper.

*Binding* : All-over fawn-coloured boards, with paper label on back. Edges  
uncut. White end-papers.

*Note* : In what is probably a later issue the boards, which are drab instead  
of fawn, are a quarter of an inch shorter, and there are no advertisements at the  
end.

## MELODIES, SONGS, AND SACRED SONGS. (1818)

MELODIES,/SONGS,/AND/SACRED SONGS./(*rule*)/BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ./(*double*  
*rule*)/PHILADELPHIA:/PUBLISHED BY M. CAREY, & SON,/NO. 126, CHESTNUT-  
STREET./(*short double rule*)/1818./

*Size* : The only copy seen, which had been cut and rebound, measured  
5 $\frac{5}{8}$  x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

*Signatures* : 2 unsigned leaves ; a, 4 leaves ; A—R, in sixes ; S, 5 leaves.  
S6, which was missing in the copy inspected, may have been a leaf of advertise-  
ment.

*Pagination* : Pp. xii (of which p. xii is blank) + 232 (in reality 214, as the  
page on which the text starts is misnumbered [19] instead of [1].)

*Binding* : Unknown.

*Note* : This American edition is the earliest attempt at a collected edition  
of Moore's poems that I have been able to trace. A similar volume, in duodecimo,  
but containing additional matter, was published in New York by Goodrich & Co.  
in the following year. In each of these volumes there is a Preface reprinted from  
*A Collection of the Vocal Music of Thomas Moore* which had been published in  
separate editions by James and William Power in London and Dublin respectively  
in 1814—a publication which I have inadvertently omitted to record.

## TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS. (1819)

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL/TO/CONGRESS./WITH/**A** Preface./NOTES, AND APPENDIX.  
 /(rule)/BY ONE OF THE FANCY./ (rule)/ ΑΛΛ' ὅς οἱ ἐστὶ ΠΥΚΤΙΚΗΣ ΠΛΑΘΟΝ ΜΕΤΕΧΕΙΝ  
 τῶς πλεονεξίας ἐπι-σσημη τε καὶ ἐμπειρία Ἡ ΠΟΛΕΜΙΚΗΣ; Ἐγὼ, εἶπεν.—PLATO *de Rep./Lib.*  
 4./“ If any man doubt the significancy of the language, we refer/him to the  
 third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the/Laws of *Canting*,  
 and published in this tongue.”—BEN JONSON./ (double rule)/LONDON :/PRINTED  
 FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,/AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW./ (rule)/  
 1819./

Size : 6  $\frac{3}{8}$  x 4 inches.

Signatures : [a], 2 leaves ; b, 8 leaves ; c, 6 leaves ; B—F, in eights ;  
 G, 4 leaves.

Pagination : Pp. xxxii + 88.

Binding : Greenish-grey boards with paper label placed so that the title  
 reads vertically instead of horizontally. Edges uncut. White end-papers.

## THE WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE. (1819)

THE/WORKS/OF/THOMAS MOORE, ESQ./COMPREHENDING/ALL HIS MELODIES,  
 BALLADS, ETC./NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE ACCOMPANYING MUSIC./  
 EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT, AND A SKETCH OF/THE AUTHOR'S LIFE./ (wavy  
 rule)/VOL. I/LALLA ROOKH./ (wavy rule)/PARIS :/PUBLISHED BY GALIGNANI,/AT  
 THE FRENCH, ENGLISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND SPANISH/LIBRARY, NO. 18, RUE  
 VIVIENNE,/1819./

The description of the titles of the other five volumes is the same, save for  
 the obvious differences in the volume numbers and the contents. The contents  
 are as follows : VOL. II : Lalla Rookh (continued) and The Twopenny Postbag.  
 VOL. III : Epistles, Odes and Other Poems. VOL. IV : Irish Melodies. Sacred  
 Songs. National Airs. Ballads, Songs, etc. VOL. V : The Fudge Family in Paris.  
 M. P. or the Blue-Stocking. VOL. VI : Odes of Anacreon. Little's Poems.

Size : An average cut copy measures 6  $\frac{1}{4}$  x 4 inches.

Pagination : VOL. I : pp. xiv + 292. VOL. II : pp. [iv] + [234]. VOL. III :  
 pp. [vi] + 326. VOL. IV : pp. [viii] + 283. VOL. V : pp. [iv] + 272. VOL. VI :  
 pp. [x] + [250].

Binding : The only copy I have seen (that in the National Library, Dublin)  
 was cut and rebound.

Note : This is the first complete “collected” edition of Moore's poems.  
 The title is not strictly accurate ; it should have been “Poetical Works”.

## NATIONAL AIRS. SECOND NUMBER. (1820)

The Second Number of the *National Airs* was published in folio in 1820 by  
 James Power in London and William Power in Dublin. The London edition  
 takes precedence.

## THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

## IRISH MELODIES (1820)

(First Issue)

IRISH MELODIES, /AND A *Melologue* /UPON /NATIONAL MUSIC. /*(rule)* /BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ. /*(rule)* /DUBLIN : /PRINTED FOR WILLIAM POWER, /AND SOLD BY /CUMMING, MILLIKEN, MAHON, ARCHER, HODGES & M'ARTHUR, KEMPSTON, /JOHNSON & DEAS, &c. &c. /*(rule)* /1820. /

*Size* :  $8\frac{1}{8}$  x  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

*Signatures* : 5 unsigned leaves, of which the third is an inset ; A—2 L, in fours ; 2 M, a single inset leaf.

*Pagination* : Pp. x + 274.

*Binding* : All-over drab boards with paper label on spine. Edges uncut. White end-papers.

(Second Issue)

The second issue differs from the first inasmuch as it contains xiv pages of preliminaries instead of x, and 288 pages of text instead of 274. The additional matter consists of a Preface and a long Dedication to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal dated, "Paris, June 10, 1821." at the beginning of the book and a reprint of the original "Advertisements" to the first seven numbers of the *Irish Melodies* at the end. What happened, apparently, was this. William Power, determined to be first in the field with a letterpress edition of the *Melodies*, rushed out his edition in 1820, much to the annoyance of his brother James and the author. When James's edition appeared in the following year it carried a Preface specially written for it by Moore, as well as the Dedication to the Marchioness of Donegal referred to above. William thereupon calmly appropriated both Preface and Dedication—in spite of the fact that his book already bore one dedication "To the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland"—and inserted them in the unsold copies of his book. He carefully omitted, however, one phrase in the Preface referring to himself in which Moore spoke of 'a volume full of typographical errors lately published in Dublin.'

Both issues of the Dublin *Irish Melodies* of 1820 are uncommon ; the first issue is very rare indeed.

## IRISH MELODIES. EIGHTH NUMBER. (1821)

The Eighth Number of the *Irish Melodies* was published in folio by James Power in London and William Power in Dublin in 1821. William Power's edition was a piracy, with symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, whereas the music in the London edition was by Henry R. Bishop. Moore had entered into a new agreement with James in which William was not permitted to share, and in July, 1821, James sought and obtained an injunction against his brother in respect of the pirated Dublin edition.



## [FUDGE IN IRELAND. 1822]

Fudge in Ireland, a Collection of Letters, Poems and Legends concerning the Castle, the Courts, the College, the Corporation and the Country at Large. London, printed for J. Johnson, 1822.

12mo. pp. x + 118.

This is not by Moore and is only mentioned here so that collectors will not be misled.

## NATIONAL AIRS. THIRD NUMBER. (1822)

The first edition of the Third Number of the *National Airs* was published in folio by James Power in London in 1822.

## NATIONAL AIRS. FOURTH NUMBER. (1822)

The first edition of the Fourth Number of the *National Airs* was published in folio by James Power in London in 1822.

## THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS (1823)

THE/LOVES OF THE ANGELS,/A Poem./By THOMAS MOORE./It happened, after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, that/daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the Angels,/the sons of heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them./The Book of Enoch, chap. vii. sect. 2./rule/LONDON:/PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,/PATER-NOSTER-ROW./1823./

Size:  $8\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

Signatures: [A], 4 leaves; B—K, in eights; L, 2 leaves.

Pagination: Pp. viii [misnumbered "x"] + 148. There is a leaf of advertisement inset before the front end-paper and two leaves, carrying the date "December, 1822," inset after the last page of text.

Binding: All-over drab boards, with paper label placed to read vertically on spine. Edges uncut; white end-papers.

## FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE (1823)

FABLES/FOR/THE HOLY ALLIANCE,/RHYMES ON THE ROAD,/ &c. &c./rule/BY THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER,/SECRETARY OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY,/ AND AUTHOR OF THE FUDGE FAMILY,/AND THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG./rule/LONDON:/PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME,/AND BROWN, PATER-NOSTER-ROW./rule/1823./

Size:  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$  inches.

Signatures: [A]—N, in eights; O, 4 leaves.

Pagination: Pp. xvi + 200.

Binding: All-over grey boards, with paper label on spine. Edges uncut; white end-papers.

Note: A later binding of the first edition is in bright red close-ribbed cloth, gilt on back and sides. In this issue the end-papers are yellow and the fore and lower edges trimmed.

## [THE FUDGE FAMILY IN ENGLAND. 1823.]

The Fudge Family in England. London: John Miller, 69, Fleet Street, 1823.  
Small 8vo. pp. iv + 212.

Frequently attributed to Moore by mistake. Moore's book with the similar title "The Fudges in England" did not appear until 1835.

## IRISH MELODIES. NINTH NUMBER. (1824)

The first edition of the Ninth Number of the *Irish Melodies* was published in folio in London by James Power in 1824.

## MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK. (1824).

MEMOIRS/OF/CAPTAIN ROCK,/THE/CELEBRATED IRISH CHIEFTAIN,/WITH SOME/  
**Account of his Ancestors.**/(rule)/WRITTEN BY HIMSELF./(rule)/**London :**  
Printed for/LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN./(rule)/1824./

Size:  $6\frac{7}{8}$  x 4 inches.

Signatures: [A], 4 leaves; b, 3 leaves (of which the first is an inset); B—Q, in twelves; R, 8 leaves.

Pagination: Pp. xiv + 376, followed by a leaf carrying Longman's advertisements.

Binding: All-over drab boards, paper label on spine. Edges uncut; white end-papers.

## SACRED SONGS. SECOND NUMBER. (1824)

The first edition of the Second Number of *Sacred Songs* was published in folio by James Power in London in 1824.

## MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. (1825)

MEMOIRS / OF / THE LIFE / OF / THE RIGHT HONOURABLE / RICHARD BRINSLEY  
SHERIDAN./(rule)/BY THOMAS MOORE./(rule)/LONDON:/PRINTED FOR/LONGMAN,  
HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,/PATERNOSTER-ROW./1825./

Size:  $11\frac{1}{2}$  x  $8\frac{3}{8}$  inches.

Signatures: 4 unsigned leaves; a, 2 leaves, B — Y, in fours.

Pagination: Pp. xii + 720.

There is a frontispiece portrait of Sheridan by Turner after Reynolds facing the title. A full-page facsimile of Sheridan's handwriting is inserted between pages xii and i; it bears the date, "Augt. 1825." An errata slip should be found pasted on p. xii, at end of Contents. Some copies carry at the end a four-page inset advertisement, octavo size, of Longman's publications; this is dated "Sept. 1825."

Binding: All-over dark-grey boards, paper label on spine. Edges uncut; white end-papers.

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NATIONAL AIRS. FIFTH NUMBER. (1826)

The first edition of the Fifth Number of *National Airs* was published in folio by James Power in London in 1826.

EVENINGS IN GREECE. FIRST EVENING. 1826.

The first edition of the first number of *Evenings in Greece* was published in folio by James Power in London in 1826.

THE EPICUREAN. (1827).

THE/EPICUREAN,/A TALE./BY/THOMAS MOORE./*(rule)*/LONDON:/PRINTED FOR/  
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,/PATERNOSTER-ROW./1827./

*Size* :  $6\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$  inches.

*Signatures* : [A], 2 leaves ; a, 2 leaves ; B—O, in twelves ; P, 10 leaves.

*Pagination* : Pp. viii + 332.

*Binding* : All-over drab boards, with paper label on spine. Edges uncut ; white end-papers.

*(To be concluded.)*

# BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus.

AN invaluable little book which, unaccountably, I missed at the time of publication, has recently come my way. This is Séamus O Casaide's *Typographical Gazetteer of Ireland*, published by Gill, of Dublin, at half-a-crown. Following a scholarly preface dealing with early Irish printing in general, there is a list, alphabetically arranged, of no less than 170 Irish towns in which the date and, in most cases, the title, of the earliest known book, pamphlet or newspaper printed there is recorded. The list is extraordinarily full and is, in itself, a sufficient proof of the immense research which went to the making of Mr. O Casaide's compilation. I tested it so far as I could from the resources at hand on my own book-shelves, but in only one instance was I able to discover anything earlier than his recorded date. The solitary exception is a little 24pp. pamphlet entitled *A Discourse on Religious Innovations Pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Kirwan*. This was printed in Galway in 1786 by B. Conway, of Cross Street, some sixteen years earlier than the first book mentioned by Mr. O Casaide. Galway newspapers, of course, had appeared a long time before, and the first number of the *Connaught Journal* dates back as far as 1754. I cordially recommend Mr. O Casaide's *Gazetteer* to the notice of all who are interested in the beginnings of printing in Ireland.

The First Dublin ROBINSON CRUSOE : a Discovery.

The first Irish edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, printed in 1719, is a very rare book. It was fully described by Professor Hutchins of Michigan University in his exhaustive study of the early editions of this work. A copy has lately fallen into my hands, however, which proves that there were actually two separate Dublin printings of *Robinson Crusoe* in the year mentioned. The edition described by Mr. Hutchins is a medium-sized octavo containing 288 pages, and bears the names of the following booksellers :—P. Gill, J. Hyde, G. Grierson, R. Gunne, R. Owen and E. Dobson. The copy I have recently discovered is of the same size, but contains only 280 pages, and the name of G. Risk is added in the imprint to the list of booksellers. Another point of variance is that the printer's ornaments at the head of pp. 3 and 5 differ very considerably in each edition. So far as I am aware no other copy of the 280 pp. edition has been hitherto recorded.

THE AMERICAN BOOK-COLLECTOR.

In the two numbers just to hand, this well-known journal maintains its usual standard of excellence. The most interesting feature in the April issue is an article by the editor, Mr. Charles F. Heartman, entitled "Books and Manuscripts as an Investment," in which he discusses in his usual blunt and forthright manner the pounds, shillings and pence of the book-collecting game. He has no difficulty in proving his main point, namely, that really rare and fine books are as sound an investment as any and will weather the storm in times of financial stress better than most. In the double number for May and June, pride of place must be given to Mr. Simon Nowell Smith's contribution, "Bibliography : a Plea for Standardisation." In an age when new bibliographies appear every other month and when no two bibliographers choose the same descriptive method, Mr. Smith's plea for uniformity is very timely.



## BOOK REVIEWS

THE PARADISO OF DANTE ALIGHIERI, with a translation into English triple rhyme and a brief introduction by Geoffrey L. Bickersteth. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1932. Pp. xxxiii + 303. 10s. 6d. net.

No praise can be too high for this admirable book. The Italian Dante Society's critical text is faced, page by page, with a translation into English triple rhyme of extraordinary fidelity as well as poetical merit. Mr. Bickersteth's work is a masterpiece. In it we have at last the perfect rendering of the *Paradiso*.

The remarks on metre in the Introduction are excellent. Mr. Bickersteth has grasped the fact that the Italian "hendecasyllabic verse" is the equivalent of the English ten-syllable line, and that "there must be two (rhythmic accents). . . , one falling always on the tenth syllable, the other, on the fourth or sixth." While "there may be secondary accents within both the phrases into which the caesura cuts the hendecasyllable . . . these (accents) are *metrically* invalid; for they vary in number and incidence." I cavil at the word "phrase," which suggests phonetic rather than metrical division. Mr. Bickersteth rightly points out that one of these secondary accents sometimes falls on the seventh syllable, and that Milton has similar lines in *Paradise Lost*. One point I might make is that Mr. Bickersteth does not emphasize the fact that while the Italian equivalent of our ten-syllable line is usually (hence its name hendecasyllabic line) *piano*, i.e., with "feminine ending," and only occasionally *tronco*, like the usual English line, or *sdrucchiolo* (with double feminine ending), while the English line is almost always with masculine ending.

Mr. Bickersteth uses occasional *piano* lines in his translation, e.g.:

Lamb of the holy flock was I, obeying . . . (x. 94),  
as he uses occasional lines with accent on the seventh syllable:

My brother and my master, of Cologne,  
    *Neighbours me on my right: Albert his name . . . (x. 98-99).*  
  to hold the boat  
*of Peter on a straight course in mid-sea (xi. 120).*

Such lines as the following are typically Italian:

When flashing in that dawn he beholds Christ . . . (xiv. 108).

I should like to choose a few examples to illustrate the fidelity and excellence of the version.

Dante's

"Dio vede tutto, e tuo veder s'inluia"  
diss' io, "beato spirto, sì che nulla  
voglià di sè a te puot' esser fuia  
of his address to Folquet (ix. 73-75) becomes  
"God sees all, and thy seeing is in him,"  
said I, "thou blessed spirit, so that nought  
escapes thee, not my lightest wish or whim."

(but why did Dante place Folquet in Heaven, though he had not read his very beautiful religious poems) ?

Colui che da sinistra le s'aggiusta  
 è il padre per lo cui ardito gusto  
 l'umana specie tanto amaro gusta (xxxii. 121-123).

is rendered

Him to the left doth his high seat proclaim  
 to be the father through whose taste, o'erbold,  
 mankind still tasteth so much bitter shame.

I will not attempt to exemplify the poetic qualities of the translation. They are everywhere.

While I am about it, I should like to add a footnote to Mr. Bickersteth's Introduction. While I agree entirely with his scansion of Dante's line, I fancy that Dante conceived the norm of his "hendecasyllable" to be the Italianisation of such medieval Latin accentual lines are those he writes himself in xv. 28-30 or vii. 1-3, accented on 4 and 10 and broken after an unaccented 5, *i.e.*, with "over-running caesura at 4" (or, in Latin parlance, caesura after the fifth syllable) :

O Sanguis meus, O superinfusa  
 gratia Deo, sicut, tibi cui  
 bis unquam celi janua reclusa . . .

Osanna, sanctus Deus sabaoth,  
 superillustrans claritate tua  
 felices ignes horum malacoth !

In other words the Italian line is the representative of the mediaeval derivative of the Sapphic minor or of the iambic trimeter catelectic.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

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L'INFLUENCE DE RUSKIN SUR PROUST. By Sybil de Souza. Montpellier (Thèse). 1932. Pp. 158 (privately printed).

This remarkable thesis is the best answer imaginable to the very foolish people who recently have urged the banning of Proust's immortal work. "Proust s'intéresse comme Ruskin au problème de l'individualité chez l'écrivain et l'artiste. Ce problème est étroitement lié à celui de l'existence d'une réalité spirituelle, puisque c'est en exprimant ces fragments de la réalité totale sur lesquels ces dons lui départissant une lumière spéciale que l'artiste parvient à prendre conscience de sa propre individualité. Pourtant, grâce à un trait fondamental de sa sensibilité, Proust sera porté à rechercher cette réalité spirituelle dans le domaine de sa propre conscience." (p. 86).

There are moments in our lives when we are in touch with reality, but, except under the stress of intense spiritual pain, we are rarely aware of their significance at the time. But years afterwards some small incident rouses our unconscious memory which brings to the surface such moments long since

apparently forgotten. Thereby we escape from Time and enter pure Duration. "S'évader du Temps, se replacer dans la pure Durée, c'est . . . reprendre contact avec notre 'moi' réel, reconquérir la liberté" of which time and social obligations have deprived us. "C'est par le souvenir, donc, que nous parvenons à une vue réelle de notre univers intérieur, et même de l'univers extérieur, puisque ce n'est qu'en nous-mêmes que nous pouvons prendre contact avec les choses." Proust is occupied entirely with the mode of access to the world of spiritual realities. In the depths of the "inconscient" he seeks "l'intuition d'une unité qui se trouve au fond des choses et des êtres."

Dr. de Souza has traced in great detail the influence of the very much inferior Ruskin on Proust. But, as she shows, Ruskin gives free play to mere sensation, while Proust "ne vise pas à l'expression de la sensation elle-même." Proust is an intellectualist, Ruskin an imaginative writer. But to Ruskin is due the "pressentiment d'une réalité qui se cache derrière l'aspect des choses," a conception which Ruskin had not the courage or sincerity to press like Proust to its uttermost limits.

I cannot in a few lines do justice to Miss de Souza's work. Suffice it to say that her thesis will take its honourable place beside the interpretations of Proust due to Curtius, Blondel, Dandieu, Beckett and the other significant writers in the immense field of Proustian criticism. Proust is like Shakespeare or Dante or Racine, infinite, and a thousand volumes will not exhaust his facets. *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* ranks with the greatest masterpieces of literature of all time. It is, in a sense, the materialist's confession that, behind all appearances, lies a world of spirit, in which alone man lives and attains reality. Nothing more sincere in the highest sense, more literally wrought from the blood and sweat of its author's intellectual travail, has ever been written. This more than Balzacian "Comédie humaine," finished on the author's death-bed, from the accomplishment of which he never swerved for an instant, has the passionate intensity of Dante's Divine Comedy, the unswerving intellectual sincerity of Racine's Tragedy of Fate, and the perfect achievement of form (because completely adapted to its end, without extraneous or unnecessary ornament) of both.

R. B.

\* \* \* \*

**RAGGLE TAGGLE.** Adventures with a Fiddle in Hungary and Roumania. By Walter Starkie. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net).

There is a vagabond in civilized man. Under many strata of consciousness there lies, not dead but dreaming, the ancestor who went on vast primaevae migrations, who slept out at nights and whose relations to his tribe and his woman folk were of that natural kind which we now call disreputable. We have occasional lapses into this ancestral nature, but for most they are transient. Civilization soon claims us for its conventions. But Walter Starkie's *Adventures with a Fiddle in Hungary and Roumania* moves me to dark speculations. I became at once suspicious of all the Fellows and Professors in all the universities. They must all, I felt, have dark secrets in their lives which they do not dare to write about so openly as Walter Starkie does of his vagabondage. They must all, leading unnatural lives devoted to mathematics, classics, or physics, react

violently against these when the terms are over. That ancient immortal vagabond in them must awake when the constriction is removed and drive them into wild activities. Even if they have not Walter Starkie's courage to take fiddle in hand, and wear rags on back, playing for coppers outside cabarets and herding with gipsies and fleas, still there must be dark secrets we know not of in vacations when their duty to the herd of undergraduates does not compel them to stifle the aboriginal vagabond. Does anybody know where they spend their holidays?

I know of one who came back from South America looking reborn. With what tribe of Indians did he foregather? Into what sinister rites was he initiated? His face wore an air of shining respectability. But so do all the faces after the vacations. I owe a great deal to Walter Starkie whose book "Raggle Taggle" started me on many delightful speculations about his colleagues. He writes with admirable frankness about his own adventures, but he sprays a subtle camouflage of fantasy over his book so that not the most austere Puritan can accuse him of any definite breaking of law. He tells us how he met the Pied Piper of Hamelin and got the whole story from him, and by that tale, set in his narrative with cunning art, he makes it impossible for the censorious to know exactly what tales are history and what are fantasy. That most of it is history is clear. Nobody could possibly invent all these detailed adventures. Nature has delicious accidents which are not given to even great imaginations to invent. The way to confess the most unconventional adventures and to get away with it is to mix the confessions with obvious imaginations. It is a new technique and Walter Starkie deserves the credit of his discovery. It is as fascinating a narrative as I have read for years. He writes very well, a vivid picturesque style which is at its best when he is not thinking at all about writing well. When occasionally he thinks a purple patch is required the purple is not so good as his every day purple which is a fine dye and wears well. What is his tale? He left his house in July 1929 divesting himself of his personality as a Fellow of Trinity College and putting on the disguise of a vagabond musician—or was it the real man casting off a mask?—he fiddled his way through Hungary and Roumania, sometimes sleeping out of doors, at other times in gipsy camps or in doss houses where every night is a Walpurgis night for the fleas. He meets a multitude of wild characters, enough to furnish the ordinary thrifty story teller with characters for a score of tales. There is very good literary drawing in these episodes. The tale of Nigosanus' adventures in Florence, the episode of the Hungarian nobleman, the story of Manize, of Rostus, the gipsy marriage and a dozen other episodes make the best imaginable reading. We possess no art like the fiddler's which could make us intimate of those wild folk who remain unabsorbed by civilization, who have never yielded to the enticements to be one hundred per cent. American, English, German, Italian, Hungarian or Spanish, who remain each a perfect character, unique, in unlikeness to any other person. Walter Starkie is to be envied his friends. It is curious how we read about them, are fascinated as we read, envy him his intimacies, yet how we would stammer and fumble about for excuses if he responded radiantly to our enthusiasm by telling us that the wildest of them were paying Ireland a visit and he would bring them to our "next at home." Did he really meet them? Did he really experience all these adventures? If he did how he is to be admired for his vagabondage which brought him into a society we can imagine Shakespeare gladly exercising his art on. Did he invent it? We doubt it.



But if he did Walter Starkie is one of the great contemporary creators, and there is not a story teller who might not envy him his creations of incident and character. He will not tell us what is the truth about it. He will smile that smile of his which seems so open and is really so concealing. But whatever may be our doubts about these questions there is no doubt he has written the most engaging book of adventures since *Beasts, Men and Gods* brought us to live among madmen, murderers and magicians in the centre of Asia.

A. E.

\* \* \* \*

A HALF-DAY'S RIDE. By Padraic Colum. McMillan. Pp. 240. 7s. 6d.

I have been trying for some time to explain to myself why Mr. Colum's prosework, even that slight part of it which is journalistic in origin, should have a certain rare air of distinction which seldom visits the more glittering essayists. Reading him, I find I am not concerned with manner, with words or their combinations or even—though he strikes out many happy coins—with images; it is the attitude, the viewpoint that takes me, the eye that selects aspects and events from the life around him at the moment and traces their kinship to what matters, to what is timeless to him. Here I assure myself lies his charm; and thinking around it I remember young poems that took flight among the old permanencies, so I turn to "Wild Earth," and there with "The Plougher," "A Drover," "The Old Woman of the Roads," I find "The Furrow and the Hearth":—

"Who will bring the red fire  
Unto a new hearth?  
Who will lay the wide stone  
On the waste of the earth?  
. . . .

There's clay for the making  
Moist in the pit;  
There are horses to trample  
The rushes through it.  
. . . .

I speak unto him  
Who in dead of the night  
Sees the red streaks  
In the ash deep and white;

While around him he hears  
Men stir in their rest,  
And the stir of the babe  
That is close to the breast!

He shall arise,  
He shall go forth alone,  
Lay stone on the earth,  
And bring fire to stone."

There, I conclude, is the bone that shapes his attitude. With it, as flesh with the bone, goes a great love of those small communities that are near to the soil, self-contained, with their own handiwork, their own stories, songs and music, their hereditary occupations, hereditary costumes. Their comfortable "poverty by shutting away multiplicity can endow familiar things with special intimacy." There is a crowded family life, with great comings and goings, and the child growing up—but let Mr. Colum suggest his world:—

"Here sits a child watching a woman knitting. The flame on the hearth rises and sinks down; there are shadows on the walls; the clock ticks loudly; the cat drags her kittens about. A man comes in with a load of wood, and a friendly or quarrelsome discussion begins between him and the knitter. These are types that the child will remember, that he will discover in every literature. As he listens to them he learns about human history and human relationships. Rhymes, fables, lists of straits and capes, conjugations and declensions, become part of what he guesses at. He knows about the world as man first knew about it—as myth."

While he considers such communities, so related to some religious or metaphysical idea as to deepen and enhance the inner life, to be the nurses of civilisations, he sees them really, I think, as symbols of or perhaps in themselves the flowers of an ideal civilization where a man, as he says in a fine appraisal of Robert Burns, finds a poem when his ploughshare turns up a daisy's root or a mouse's nest. The tragic sense of life would not be absent there. Those who strive toe to toe with nature know it soon, and with the discovery dignity is lent to life—there is no hiding from death, no attempt at evading the realization of it by externalizing thought; it is accepted, final, as much a part of living as air and food. Life stripped thus is a finely personal thing, and Mr. Colum may well ruminate on the strange madness of Mr. Henry Ford, who would impose some mechanical system on its surface where the individual, drawn from his own depths, would become a cypher blowing around an artificial centre.

Secure in his own centre, Mr. Colum may range the world with profit. The most elaborate essay in the book, "Island Days," will be remembered by readers of the *Dublin Magazine* for its delicate evocations of the South Sea Islands. The part dealing with Hawaiian poetry is especially memorable as showing a stage in the evolution—or rather devolution—of poetry from magic. But the best thing in the book is the vignette of Hans Andersen. The subject is a particularly happy one, the boy Andersen growing in just such a life as our essayist would wish.

"... The people he came from had in those days a life of their own; they had their stories, songs and music, their hereditary occupations and costumes. Little towns were not then dependencies on the metropolis. Andersen was born in the little town of Odense. It is only twenty-two miles from Copenhagen, but Copenhagen in those days seemed to be in another country. There was a little theatre in the town where plays were produced in German; it was possible for a boy to grow up in Odense with a passion for and some knowledge of the theatre and the sort of poetry that belongs to the theatre, and at the same time to have his connection with a local and popular life that had its own distinctive literature, its own distinctive tradition."

It is among such phenomena he would have children grow, a contemporary pool in the stream of tradition that half remembering its own bright origin in primal fountains spreads itself almost by instinct in ancient patterns. And he stresses so much the value to the young inner life of accumulated creations of folk imagination that, here, I would alter my earlier conclusion by fusing with it an element that derives from the folklorist in him. It is his absorption in, his knowledge of the ancient moulds and forms, his learned love, in fact, of those small antique blossoms that have renewed themselves into our time that gives him his fine poise, his especial quality of charm.

In "A Half-Day's Ride" we do not find the full colour of Mr. Colum's mind ; for that we must go to his verse. But we get the bird footing the nest's edge between flights carelessly and casually as befits one to whom both elements are native, and are grateful for the opportunity of studying him. Although there is an apparent readiness for flight throughout the book, he can write lightly, sometimes almost frivolously. The eye is always alert and the fancy correspondingly atiptoe ; a magpie in a cage outside a shop "can whistle and say 'hillo,' but his accomplishment has made him socially difficult. He sits sulky and apart like a neglected altar in a public house." Only a poet of his calibre, indeed, could stay so comfortably atiptoe.

P. FALLON.

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THE GROWTH OF LITERATURE. By H. Munro Chadwick and N. Kershaw Chadwick. Vol. I: *The Ancient Literatures of Europe*. Cambridge University Press. 30s.

The authors whose team-work is perfect, have as their object to trace general principles in the growth of literature by means of a comparative study of the literary genres found in various countries and languages and in different periods of history. They are not concerned with the *origins* of literature, but with ancient records unaffected or only partly affected by Latin or other world-languages, or with isolated or backward communities of the present day still unaffected by cosmopolitan literature. They do not pursue their examination beyond the stage at which writing comes into regular use for literary purposes.

This is their aim as stated by themselves.

I would, with justice to the authors I hope, abbreviate the purport of this long and masterly work. The learned pair have taken the literatures of the Teutonic (Anglo-Saxon, Norse and German), the Celtic (Welsh and Irish) and the Greek literatures in their primitive or pre-writing stage and have compared them in all their aspects and characters to show what a common form and conception of life animates and therefore makes fellows of them all. The answer is : "The Heroic Age." I trust I have glimpsed or, even better, grasped their purpose and expressed it simply enough. That Dr. Chadwick has studied the Teutonic Welsh and Greek literatures I can well believe ; his wife, however, is responsible for the Irish sections and is a student of our ancient vernacular. Being incompetent to judge the other languages whose genius is dead, I propose to summarise the authors' joint views on our pre-Christian records, with some comments of my own. The analogies drawn between ancient Greek and Nordic poetry because of the similar social and political conditions from which they arose embrace, though they sometimes differentiate, old Gaelic literature.

In Europe, before the eleventh century of the Christian era, independent literature is preserved only in Greek, Latin and the languages of these islands. The authors are not concerned with "thought-literature," and we thank them for the word "literatures of entertainment." Irish up to 1600 or so is mainly "entertainment literature" with some antiquarian or scholar literature; "thought literature" has unfortunately had little part in it.

The fate of the island literatures, Anglo-Saxon, Welsh, Gaelic has been much alike; old English faded away after the Norman-French conquest, Welsh has become a modern language, "Irish alone," in the authors' sense, "has kept its vitality till modern times." They mean that Cuchulainn, Fionn, Cormac MacAirt live in the oral memory still of Tyrconnell and Kerry along with the "shee" and the pagan twilight. It is so indeed, but alas! the inheritors of the oral literature of Ireland are all over fifty, and the shanachies will soon be a race extinct.

Here we may pause to observe that "literature," though derived from the Latin for writing, means to the authors the unwritten and traditionally preserved literary expression of a people. That the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," that "Beowulf" and "the Fate of the Sons of Uisnech" got written down by later and more civilised generations detracts not from the argument. Writing and reading (in Northern climes anyway) is a recent and, as some think, a regrettable innovation. Nobody did it north of the Rhine and the Tees or west of the Irish sea before 430 and even there it took two or three centuries before the native vernaculars got into the written stage. The Heroic Age ended, say, in western Europe, about 1000, the writing down of its literature, say, a century later. Our authors write of an age when unwritten "literature" was the heritage and monopoly of a trained mnemonic caste; "a man's library was his memory then." The independent development of the "island literatures" was cut short by the introduction of Christianity and Latin letters. Here the "literature of thought" (*i.e.*, Druidism) succumbed or was transformed long before the "literature of entertainment" began to succumb.

We like this tribute to what must have been a considerable oral culture of the Celtic Druids which some of its exponents tried to immortalize in the new Christian script, for some experts biased on the side of the new Faith would pooh pooh the idea that Druidism had any constructed and worthy thought or lofty morality. Their lore, say the authors, was incompatible with Christianity, and alas! neither they nor their opponents have preserved for us what was most eminent in their system.

The material available in the various languages as above is taken seriatim, and here we must confine our remarks to Irish of which we know something and to Norse of which we know a little. "Ireland and Iceland are the chief homes of saga literature." The word "Celtic" has been much overdone but can never be abolished, as describing the remarkable affinities of Brythons and Goidels. Yet the connection between Welsh and Irish poetry is not so close as between Norse and English.

The authors now go on to treat of literature under these heads: Heroic, antiquarian (based upon heroic times), mántic, gnomie and descriptive.

The Heroic Age is treated with impressive if learned gravity. This Age went on in Ireland, we ourselves think, till the battle of Kinsale; how to turn



the fighting, hunting, saga-loving Gaelic "righ" into the sedentary landlord which sixteenth century England demanded was a problem solved only by the grand suicide *en masse* of Gaelic kings. But as a literary epoch, the Heroic Age ended with the battle of Allen in 718 A.D. Literature then becomes self-conscious. The earliest phase of Teutonic poetry is in "Beowulf"; the Norse Edda poems are ninth to eleventh century; Irish saga is preserved in the "Book of Leinster," of the "Yellow Book of Lecan," in "Lebhor na hUidhre." Though compiled after 1100 they contain literature obviously of three centuries or more earlier. There was a "Book of Druim Snechta," the earliest of all, say the first half of the eighth century. What fascination such names evoke!, like Atlantis the lost books of antiquity will never be known again to man.

An aristocratic snobbishness is common to heroic poetry and saga alike in Greece, Norway, Ireland. The proletariat is ignored; only the successful well-born "gunman" of the time counts. Warfare seems an essential rather than an accessory of heroic life. So are feasting and drinking; so are minstrelsy and armour. For a grand proto-European spree see *Mesca Ulad*, "the Intoxication of the Ulstermen," a magnificent name and theme. The cardinal virtues of the hero are physical courage, loyalty (to a person), generosity, physical strength. Descriptiveness is common in the sagas, and a special feature of the Irish are minute descriptions of the appearance and dress of royal or heroic persons. But this characterisation is weak compared with the Norse.

The authors find early Irish literature a grand field for antiquarians and explorers into European origins but, perhaps for that very reason, it is to them the more inchoate and repellent. "The dignified and fastidious tone of Teutonic and Greek heroic poetry is not generally characteristic of Irish heroic saga." It is full of disgusting, grotesque, and savage detail. This view has much to be said for it, to our thinking. All the case possible has been made out for early Gaelic literature and its true character has been much obscured by bowdlerisation, done with the best intentions by elderly ladies. At the end we must confess that is spite of fine bits, good incidents and lofty conceptions here and there it is not an edifying literature (if that is what we want) judged by the ethics and good taste of Greece, Rome, Christianity and modern Europe.

It comes to this then that though the Heroic literatures of the northern races, like the early Greek, all derive from a common Aryan world which had taste and nobility, the Irish has strains inwoven which are hardly worthy of it. The authors do not dwell on this; it is perhaps more a theme for anthropologic historians who would trace in Ireland the strands that the ante-Aryan has contributed. They admit indeed that instances of chivalrous conduct are frequent in Irish literature but that the demerits on the human and dignified side will prevent its ever having the popularity of Greek or Icelandic saga.

In discussing historical elements in the stories of the Heroic Age, it appears that there is no contemporary or indeed early direct evidence for the British Arthur, great though his name be. There is no foreign historical evidence for times before 400 A.D. in Ireland, that is before Niall Noi-giallach. Professor MacNeill has shown the synchronising of Irish oral tradition with universal history as arranged by Eusebius, and starting from Genesis. But, as the authors point out, we must assign to the pagan or semi-pagan "filid," the custodians of ancient lore, much of the arrangement of traditional material. How true

the collators and editors of oral epic in the Christian Age were to their material is shown in the way that "Táin Bo Cualgne" never refers to the Black Pig's Dyke defending Ulster, which was made subsequent to the Táin Age, or to a High King at Tara.

The relations of gods and men occur both in the Homeric poems and the Ulster cycle. In Ireland deities visit the heroes and there are even amatory connections. But the word "dia" is avoided, and they are called the *side*: "the people of the elf-mounds." In English and German poetry the gods have been eliminated through the frown of the Church. Even in Ireland they are not described as potent beings and from a similar fear of the clergy nothing survives on the serious side of our pagan theology. Its secret adherents did what they could to keep the old cults alive, and seventh or eighth century descriptions of Magh Mell, Tír na n-Óg and the Land of Promise are a revival of a pagan Paradise, permitted by the Church as innocuous and not unlike its own.

Early Irish writers were keen on antiquarian lore and the "Dinnsenchas" habit has survived among Irish speakers to this day. But then Ireland is immensely older in its memories and traditions than any Western land. "Ireland" say the authors, "is indeed unrivalled as a museum both of monuments and traditions of ancient times."

With equally powerful chapters on Gnostic poetry, Mantic poetry and Descriptive poetry the authors bring this great survey, based on extensive reading and study, to a close. There are some fascinating pages given to the Druids and the "filid," and to the persistence of this latter powerful and dreaded class of pagan origin under a Christian cloak which they found it necessary to adopt. The writing of Irish secular literature is largely due to this literary caste in such book miscellanies as the lost Book of Druim Snechta. The earliest Irish vernacular texts begin in the eighth century. To written literature the poets brought not only a pagan note but even, we think, a pagan assertion, as one may think from many pages in it. How else could the nature note have survived and such ancient utterances as Amergin's "I am the wind on the sea, a wave of ocean, an ox of combat," etc.?

The "filid" derived from a great Celtic world of before Rome in which, as Strabo says, religion, learning and oral literature were the preserve of Bards, Vates (prophets, "fáidh" in Irish) and Druids. Two of the three orders kept their footing in Ireland long after the defeat of all three in Christianized or Teutonized Gaul and Britain. Probably the triumph of Irish as the literary tongue in the ninth century aided them. But this triumph, achieved over Latin, was paralleled by the victory of Welsh and Anglo-Saxon in the neighbour island and was due to much the same cause, the difficulty of maintaining Latin so far from its Roman source.

We must notice before concluding the reference to Cenn Faelad *Sapiens*, whose date, as MacNeill has shown in *Studies*, brings us to the fountain head of written Irish learning. This prince who died in 679 A.D., spent many years recovering from a head wound received in the battle of Magh Rath in 637. He is said to have attended both a Latin school and also schools of Irish law and learning, and to have written down from memory what he learned. Some historical poems and Irish tracts on law and grammar are credited to him. In him the still almost pagan "filid," antagonists of Roman learning, found a com-

bination they could approve of, of aristocratic blood and a knowledge of both native and Latin culture.

In thanking these authors for this magnificent piece of work, we must apologise for noticing only their Irish sections. They would probably not consider this their strongest side and one could hardly expect them to have gone deeper into it, a subject still so much unwritten, as for example, the qualities of it which are particular to itself and mark out this realistic matter from what is no doubt to us moderns (or shall we say Victorians?) the more attractive romantic literatures of Norway and Britain? That would be asking of them the "flesc filed," "the poet's wand," and much secret understanding that perhaps no one has now.

E. C.

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SAINT AUGUSTINE. By Rebecca West. London: Davies.

It is not likely that Miss Rebecca West takes herself for a theologian. Certainly nobody else does, and as an interest in theology is not very wide-spread few will think the worse of Miss West's little book if students of theology are warned that they have nothing to gain by reading it. For them it is a pleasure and duty to signalize something more austere—*Saint Augustin et le Neo-Platonisme chrétien*, by Régis Jolivet.\* M. Jolivet is a Catholic priest, but his sacerdotal character is not intruded in his book which is a contribution to religious philosophy, just as Miss West's to amusement and drama.

It is strange how the fourth century African bishop continues to interest the most various types of mind. As a man he was no more interesting than his contemporary, St. Jerome. But Jerome is left to the driest of historians and theologians, whereas Augustine casts his spell over up-to-date people like Miss West who sees him as the gay ancestor of Proust, and James Joyce, and André Gide. How Saint-Cyran, and Arnauld, and Nicole, and the other Jansenists would have shuddered to hear that! How Bossuet and Richard Baxter—nay, how Augustine himself would have thundered! *Pereant a facie tua, deus, vaniloqui et mentis seductores*.

But he has been always subject to interpretations of that kind. Mr. Arthur Symons preceded Miss West when he saw in Augustine the begetter of the Symbolist poet and the Naturalistic novelist. That he appeals to utterly different temperaments explains the utterly different kinds of biography we have of him. The best is certainly that by Prosper Alfaric, professor at the University of Strasburg. Only the first volume has been published, but it is a big volume and completely covers all the part of Augustine's life which is covered by the *Confessions*. In no other book is the Manichean influence on Augustine set forth with anything like the same thoroughness; and it may be added for the benefit of those interested in such arduous studies that M. Alfaric has published separately a complete recension of all the Manichean writings extant. His is a book of huge erudition, a book for students.

Augustine has never been, and is now less than ever, what may be called a devotional saint. In the popular mind he takes place with Mary Magdalen,

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\* Paris: Denoel et Steele. 1933.



Mary of Egypt, and some others, as a great sinner who repented and found God ; and with his gift for striking phrases he has given once for all the formula of such saints : " Our heart is restless till it rests in Thee." But it is hard to imagine people praying to him with fervour or entering a church to burn tapers before his shrine. The *Confessions* is indeed a book which makes for righteousness, but it is not a book for spiritual reading like, for instance, the *Confessions* of Saint Teresa, which is, however, based on it. He wrote a great deal, but it happens that the book which sustains his reputation among the devout, the *Soliloquies*, he did not write. Is he much read ? If Miss West has ploughed through his dusty tomes she has an advantage over the largest part of Christendom. *The City of God*, once the pleasure of watching the clever and often unfair jousts at his opponents is over, remains a dull book, grievous to read, and assuredly not spiritual. Yet we see books from time to time which take his life as a call to a devout and holy life, and draw lessons from it, not in the sense of warning, but in the sense of example. The book of the late Canon Ottley of Christ Church, Oxford, *Studies in the Confessions*, is a model of this kind. Written by a whole-hearted believer in the Christian revelation for average church-going Christians, it combines learning, accessibility, and charm.

Quite different again are the amusement and drama books, of which Miss West's is one. Another and much more elaborate book of the same description is the " Saint Augustin " of M. Louis Bertrand, a member of the Académie Française, which was translated some years ago. Here the saint is not of much interest, and not at all the theologian. The object is to bring the ancient Africo-Roman bishop up to the mark, up to date, to connect him with all modern issues, and, as we have seen, to make him responsible for some extremely modern productions in art and letters. At the end, we are rather inclined to picture Augustine dashing between Hippo and Carthage in a motor car and telephoning his commands to the Pro-Consulate.

That is no doubt good so far as it is good, and if it be desirable that an interest in Augustine should be stimulated, that is the way to do it. Bertrand's book revealed to thousands of people a figure quite unknown to them. One could see by the reviews of the book that most of the reviewers were taken by surprise. Miss West's book will doubtless have the same result. But most good things have their drawbacks, racy biographies amongst them. By dint of modernizing Augustine he loses his figure as a colonial Roman of the Fourth Century with all the advantages and disadvantages that time had upon our own. Bertrand, Miss West too, make great play with the Fifteenth Chapter of the Sixth book of the *Confessions* in which Augustine gives a few lines to the fact that his mistress, the mother of his son, being regarded (doubtless by his mother) as a hindrance to his marriage, was shipped back to her native Africa, whereupon, as the destined bride was not yet marriageable, he took another woman rather than live chaste. Miss West will certainly be told, as Bertrand was, that it is idle to ascribe to a fourth century Roman, and an African at that, sentiments and a conscience which were developed much later. Still, this objection may be pushed too far. It is true that Augustine does not show any particular remorse over the matter ; his abiding with the Manichees is for him a far greater fault than this domestic incident ; but he does show sorrow, and even employs a rather striking figure to show his sorrow. He speaks of his skin adhering so closely to her skin that



when torn away it began to bleed. To modern eyes the black spot in the affair is the separating of the child, the piously named Adeodatus, from the mother, a point which Augustine does not refer to at all. In any case, his act brought no contumely in the Milan of the fourth century. If any one of his friends, Alypius, Nebridius, or any other, had made the slightest protest, it is well-nigh certain that Augustine would have recorded it. But he lived with them as before, and the child too, and the affair never came up again. Neither did St. Ambrose, the bishop, express his disapproval. It may be said that he had more important things to think about than the domestic squabbles of a man whom he knew, but with whom he does not seem to have had much sympathy, and whose colonial methods and manners he probably did not like or understand. Besides, Augustine was not one of his flock. But the mother, Monnica, was, and her he appears to have considered an excellent woman, notwithstanding her African superstitions which he rebuked.

Of course, the picturesque biography is enhanced, and the Saint too, if Augustine is considered as a great sinner. But how can that be? Here you have a man whose one interest in life from beginning to end was religion in one form or other. It may be said that it was the incessant pressure of his mother which brought him to Christianity; but Manicheism he found for himself, and that rule of life was not easy to follow. His friends were not such as a dissolute man would choose. Of what crimes, if we get down to it, does he accuse himself? Apart from some rather obscure and troubled allusions to the friendships of his boyhood, he robbed an orchard, he deceived his mother on the night he sailed for Italy—if that can be called a sin which was rather a mercy. Certain enemies put it about that he was obliged to flee from Carthage. More would have been heard of this charge in his later years if there had been any truth in it. Likewise, the charges launched by Julian of Eclanum in the Pelagian dispute may be put aside as the usual ornaments of theological controversy of which the tactic has ever been to blacken a man's character before attacking his arguments. No; the one great sin of his life in his own eyes was his adhesion to Manicheism. It was to rid himself of that, if he could, that he wrote the *Confessions*; and Anatole France was right in saying that he spoiled his book by continually dragging in the Manichees. But Manicheism had taken a hold of him which he never really shook off. The Dualist God became God-and-Original-Sin in his Catholic period.

He could not have been the debauchee and wallower in vice he would have us believe. But what manner of man was he? Puzzling question. Nietzsche called him a scoundrel. Harnack, the German theologian and ecclesiastical historian, judges him with great severity in connection with the packed Council at Carthage which condemned and ruined the Donatists. Georges Sorel, the philosopher of Syndicalism, in the course of a study of the last days of the Roman Empire, gives some notice to Augustine, and does not conclude in his favour. What particularly offends him is the letter with which Augustine answered the protests of the mother of Pinian, a rich young Roman who had fled to Africa to escape the barbarian invasion, and having gone to Hippo to visit the bishop was held prisoner there by the inhabitants who wanted his money. For Sorel, Augustine's letter is a mixture of bullying and trickery, not the letter of an honest man.

As he was always a Manichee in spite of himself, he transposed the Manichean beliefs with great skill into a body of doctrine which he forced upon the Western Church. Somebody said not long ago that the English Puritans of the kind that settled New-England were Manichaeans. They were, in the sense that they were Augustinians. Far more surely than the ancestor of Joyce, Proust, etc. he is the ancestor of American Blue Laws, Prohibition, of the "Dance to-day and burn in Hell to-morrow" school of Christianity. He was out to kill joy. He was never on the side of mercy. He encircled Christianity in a coat of mail which other theologians have been always trying to break or render supple, without much success. Election and reprobation, Original sin, the damnation of little children, the employment of the secular arm to extirpate heresy, an everlasting Hell to which by far the largest part of the human race are irremediably condemned—these are some of his terrible gifts to humanity. It may well be asked, what corresponding benefit did he bestow? But he did not want to confer benefits. Benefits were for God. Men should be brought within the pale of the Church and then take their chance. *Cogite intrare*. As his own chief temptation had been the sting in the flesh, and as the Manichees put in the foreground the advantage of a continent life, he made that the pivot of his doctrine, and is more than anyone else responsible for the deplorable tendency of the Christian churches to make that the principal sin, to the neglect of frauds and injustices of which the effect is much more far-reaching and disastrous.

The same man was an artist, a poet, and so emotional that in one of his classes, after vehemently remonstrating with the boys, he broke down in hysterical tears. He had devoted friends. At certain turns of his career he could not have existed without their aid. The one good thing he got before he became a Christian, his post at Milan, he got by the interest of his Manichaean friends with a Roman *praefectus urbis* who was a Pagan.

Whatever may be thought of his Latin as Latin, he is a great writer because he brings off his effects. Not many read beyond the Ninth book of the *Confessions*, but perhaps the best writing he ever did is in the later books and in his Letters. His famous dirge for his friend (Conf. IV—4) has been condemned as too self-conscious and literary, but there are some other passages which have power to touch us still, and among them the thanks he offers to Verecundus for the loan of the house at Cassiciacum.

There be some who cannot render their distress, cannot express their desolation. All they can bring themselves to utter are a few reticent phrases for a drama which an Augustine would have raised to its highest power, and, in his own case, with the abandon of his southern temperament, did so raise again and again.

But what manner of man was he?

That, Miss Rebecca West and the Abbé Jolivet cannot tell us any better than all those who have gone before them. Remy de Gourmont said that Jules Renard proved to be different *on every point* from what he was taken to be. "And that is pretty much how we know all our contemporaries, which does not prevent us from judging them, from ascribing motives, from measuring their capabilities, from seeing through their mind, from estimating the quality of their soul."

If that be true of contemporaries—and it is—then is it just fifteen hundred times truer of a man fifteen hundred years away.

VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

CALENDAR OF ORMOND DEEDS. Vol. I., 1172-1350. Edited by Edmund Curtis, Litt. D. The Stationery Office. 10s.

THE RED BOOK OF ORMOND. Edited by Newport B. White, M.A. The Stationery Office. 5s.

These two important volumes are derived from the magnificent unpublished collection of records preserved in Kilkenny Castle, and have been edited for the Irish Manuscripts Commission under the general direction of Professor Curtis of Trinity College, Dublin. The first volume of the Calendar of Ormond Deeds covers nearly two centuries of Anglo-Norman rule in Ireland and illustrate the great period of this race in our annals. The centuries up to 1600 will be illustrated in some four more such volumes, and with their completion we shall be indebted to Professor Curtis for an enormous addition to our knowledge of Southern Ireland, indeed of all Ireland, in the medieval ages.

This Calendar is a model of research work and of "documenté" history, it will be an indispensable foundation for written history.

The originals are mostly in Latin but some in Norman French. None, we may note, are in Irish, and almost nothing occurs in English. There is nothing of literary nature. Pure documentation was the sole object of the Butlers when they so carefully and interestedly collected these deeds. They concern not only the great House founded by Theobald Walter, "Butler" of Ireland, in 1185, but also the other feudal families, the towns, the Church, and the government of some half of Ireland from Dublin to Wexford and Killaloe to Youghal. Professor Curtis has in general given English summaries, but where the document is of unusual importance has given us the original text or an English translation.

Vivid evidence is afforded of the medley and clash of races, languages and cultures in medieval Ireland, where Gaels, Welsh, Flemings, Normans, English and Danes jostled side by side in the wide lands of Ormond and Ossory. Strong light is thrown upon such manifold subjects as manorial and feudal rule in Ireland, the Church and the monasteries, the relations of the English "Lord of Ireland" with the Anglo-Irish feudatories and with the native Irish chiefs. The deeds up to 1220 recall the fascinating names of Strongbow, the Earl Marshal, Walter de Ridlesford, William de Braose and other "Companions of the Conquest."

Later deeds should serve as excellent teaching material as to how things were done. One (116) shows the working of an Inquisition by a jury of twelve, put in motion by King's writ to the sheriff, and the finding of the jury returned under their seals attached to the original writ. The position of the Gaelic chiefs such as O'Kennedy and MacMahon, to Butlers and Pippards is pointed out, as is the manner in which these lords gradually built up their strong independent power and jurisdiction. O'Kennedy agrees to make suit at the court of the Earl of Ormond at Nenagh, to serve in the Earl's army, and to make war on all his enemies, English and Irish. Many interesting deeds are brought to light which bear on the Church and monastic system, and in this connection Professor Curtis has been rewarded by an important "find" in the foundation-charter of the Priory of Kells in Ossory (Deed 30). The reckless free-booting spirit of the colonists, and the attitude of the Church, are vividly exemplified by Deed 23, in which Theobald Butler declares that, having confiscated lands of the Church of Ossory, he was excommunicated by the Bishop of Ossory, and thereupon repenting, he restored the lands and paid 128 marks damages. The Cistercians com-



plain (Deed 137) that in spite of the Pope's exempting them from the payment of pecuniary proxies, and although Papal legates and others were always "lovingly admitted and entertained" in their monasteries, yet these legates were too prone to turn and demand the payment of proxies under pretext of letters from the Holy See, and with threat of excommunication. There is an interesting contemporary copy of a decree by William de Rodierd, dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, legate of the Holy See, with regard to the division existing between the Franciscans of Irish nation (*hibernici*) and of English nation (*Anglici*) in Ireland, ordering that the factious tendencies of the Irish are to be counteracted by mutual cohabitation of friars of English and Irish blood (Deed 575).

An important deed for the student of municipal history is Deed 314, royal letters patent of May 1400, exemplifying the charter of the liberties of Rosbercon granted by Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, 1294.

The seals attached to the Ormond Deeds are numerous and interesting, and in themselves they provide material of great importance. Several are those of Gaelic chiefs.

Future volumes of this Calendar will be looked forward to with keen interest. As the printed sources fail about 1307, the deeds will be especially valuable after that date. Professor Curtis has put Irish historians of the future—the not too distant future, we hope—under a very great obligation.

The "Red Book of Ormond" is remarkable as the earliest cartulary compiled among the great Anglo-Irish families. The editor, who is a distinguished classical scholar, gives us the Latin text of the various deeds and rentals composed here, and his painstaking work makes a fine supplement to that of Professor Curtis.

B. H.

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GLADSTONE. By Francis Birrell. London: Duckworth. 1933. 2s.

It is now the fashion among writers on the Victorian period to withhold their admiration from Gladstone, yet in this excellent short biography we find Mr. Birrell stoutly declaring that for thirty years he was the biggest figure in England, and was indeed "a Grand Old Man." He refers to him as the greatest Budget maker of the nineteenth century, and does full justice both to his Free Trade policy and to his noble and strenuous efforts to solve the Irish problem. Although he thinks, as Bright did, that the real solution was land purchase, he places the passing of the Irish Land Act of 1881 among the statesman's supreme achievements. Gladstone then made himself thoroughly master of an overwhelming mass of dry detail in which few other people could be persuaded to take an interest, and it was due almost entirely to his patience and pertinacity that the third reading was passed almost without opposition.

The charge has been brought against Gladstone that he lacked both genius and originality; that he was uncritical, and that he was distinctly lacking in humour. The present biographer admits these indictments, but points to his intense vitality as the saving quality which enabled him to "force himself upon the community and compel it to accept him as its leader." He pays a high tribute also to his civic virtue, and concludes:—

"Whatever may have been his failings as a statesman and his limitations as an intellect, there was never anything mediocre in his nature. Though



unsuccessful in many of the battles he waged most fiercely, he could on occasion raise the democracy to his own level. Anxious no doubt to gain power, he never feared to lose it, if honour required; and since his day, few enough have been the statesmen who have ever even tried to direct the forces of public opinion."

This little book which is a marvel of compression, covering as it does the whole of Gladstone's life and parliamentary career is well and interestingly written in the modern idiom, and contains a number of striking phrases and aphorisms. It is a work which will add to the author's reputation and upon which he is to be heartily congratulated. The reader who expends the modest sum of two shillings, the uniform price of the "Great Lives" series in which the volume appears, is not at all likely to regret his purchase.

CONSTANTIA MAXWELL.

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THE ROAD TO RUIN IN EUROPE: 1890-1914. By Sir Raymond Beazley, D.Litt. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. 1932. 3s. 6d. net.).

A further contribution to the literature on "German war guilt," embodying some of the conclusions arrived at by the Professor of Modern History at the University of Birmingham, who is already well known as a worker in this field. The author writes throughout in the spirit not of the dogmatist or of the partizan, but of the candid inquirer and searcher after truth; his method of procedure indeed, which consists largely in throwing out suggestions and posing questions for the reader to answer, may fairly be called Socratic. Admitted that the history and spirit of Prussia since her beginnings under the Great Elector are strikingly military, have not other great powers striven for dominance in Europe since the seventeenth century? Is it not a fact that Bismarck was never a plotter against Great Britain, and that until the dispatch of the fateful Kruger telegram in January, 1896, England and Germany were decidedly friends rather than rivals? Were there not special and particular factors, such as the personal influence of King Edward, collisions between English and German interests overseas (Morocco, Venezuela, the Baghdad Railway), the drawing together of France, Russia and Italy, as against Germany and Austria-Hungary, which made for enmity between the nations, factors and causes for which there is a British as well as a German responsibility? These and kindred questions, such as the temper of the rulers of France and Russia during the decade preceding the war, the official attitude of Sir Edward Grey towards the suggestions of the existence of secret Anglo-French agreements, and the last-minute mistakes made in summer, 1914, are examined one by one, Professor Beazley's conclusion being that the theory of "exclusive, horrible, unprecedented German war guilt," which formed the basis of the source of most of our present discontents, *i.e.*, the peace treaties of Versailles, Trianon and St. Germain, will not hold water. "Step by step the Nations (and above all Germany herself) staggered and stumbled into the abyss. 'Yet it remained true that Germany, though cursed with so much blindness, so much weakness, so much recklessness and tactlessness—had not plotted the Great War, had not desired such a war, and had made genuine, though belated and ill-organised, efforts to avert it.'"

There will be few critics, either among historians, or among politicians and statesmen, who will lightly try conclusions with the author on this his own field. If a point seem to have been neglected, it would be the stressing of that pan-German hubris, unforgettable to any English reader who, like the present writer, was resident in Germany before the Great War, which to all who came into actual contact with it will always seem one of the most weighty factors in connection with the question: who caused the war? Perhaps, however, this will be gone into more fully in the more detailed study of the pre-war period which, Professor Beazley tells us in his foreword, it is his intention to publish.

M. F. L.

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THE IRISH CONSTITUTION. The Constitution of the Irish Free State. By Leo Kohn. With a Foreword by Chief Justice Hugh Kennedy. London: Allen and Unwin. 16s. nett.

In the decade which has elapsed since its promulgation the Constitution of the Irish Free State has attracted unusual attention from students of political structure, history and philosophy. There are many reasons outside the Constitution itself why that should have been so; but there are also good reasons contained in the terms of the document itself. In the first place it was something novel in the development of a British Dominion Constitution, subtly changing the idea of a Dominion and providing for organic change with passing time; and in the second place it embodied many political functional ideas which had been little, if at all, tried in other countries. It was probably the enlargement of Dominion scope that primarily attracted the attention of outside observers and students, but it was certainly the novelties in political function which attracted those at home. Many of those novelties have since been either discarded altogether or considerably modified, and some of the most important, like the Vocational Councils, have been quietly ignored.

On the eve of its promulgation the Constitution was examined briefly by the late Darrell Figgis, who was a secretary to the Constitution Committee, and some years later another Irishman, the late Professor J. G. Swift MacNeill, published a more elaborate study. A portly volume entitled "*L'Irlande et ses Institutions Politiques*," by M. Raoul de Warren issued from Paris, and innumerable shorter studies appeared in the world's political and juridical reviews. Now we have this comprehensive, and fully documented, study by Dr. Leo Kohn, which is the elaboration of a thesis submitted in 1927 to the University of Heidelberg. In his Foreword Chief Justice Kennedy says with complete accuracy: "This book presents for the first time, so far as I know, the forces and tendencies, historical, political, moral and intellectual, which, consciously or unconsciously on the part of the many participators in the work, came together in the making of the instrument here analysed and presented in a scientific objective and searching examination." That this extremely fine work will be of value to students of politics in the Free State itself, no less than to all in other lands whose interest lies in the study of political structure and function, hardly needs to be stated explicitly; it is a book which must be on the shelves of anyone who presumes to be even moderately equipped to offer an opinion on the problems which beset the con-

temporary world. It is not, of course, easy reading ; but its English is amazingly crisp and vivid for one who wrote in a foreign language. The learned and industrious author ought to be paid the compliment of being widely read and studied in Ireland.

"To the Continental jurist familiar with the history of English political institutions," says Dr. Kohn, "the fascination of the subject was twofold. In its internal structure the Constitution of the Irish Free State presented an unprecedented impact between the theoretical dogmatism of Continental systems and the evolutionary empiricism of the British Constitution. Even in so far as the design of the latter was followed the formal enunciation of its unwritten traditions was distinctly "continental." More significant even was the application of the same tendency to the external framework of the new State. The conversion of the undefined conventions of "Dominion Status" into concrete rules of constitutional law effected by the Treaty Settlement produced an entirely novel framework of public law. Its significance was not limited to Ireland. As happens so often in political evolution, abstract postulates became the ferment of structural transformation. It was the new conception of co-equality and national sovereignty embodied in the Constitution of the Irish Free State which inspired the redefinition of inter-Imperial relations by the Imperial Conferences of 1926 and 1931. It expressed that a limitation of external sovereignty was not incompatible with the maintenance of a comprehensive and self-derived national statehood, a truth of more than Irish or even Imperial import." In that spirit the book was written, and so it must be read.

L. P. B.

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THE COMPLETE TORY. Conservatism in England. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. nett.

Reading this book it is hard to believe that the indefatigable Professor Hearnshaw has ever been Socialist or Liberal, as he confesses to have been, or to imagine him other than a last-ditching Tory ready to shed his blood for "the temples of his fathers and the ashes of his gods," if the liberty with Macaulay be permitted. He is here, not quite for the first time it may be confessed, the Diehard whose conservatism makes that of, say, Lord Cecil of Chelwood seem like the essence of Liberalism. But then Professor Hearnshaw does "not belong, and never has belonged to the Conservative or any other party." His is a lonely voice, and if it be not heard in the political wilderness it will not be due to the absence of strength in his creed.

Nothing that Dr. Hearnshaw writes can fail to be interesting, as he is at all times lucid, vital and sincere. His reading has been both wide and deep, there is never any doubt about his principles, and his powers of expression might be envied by practising politicians. He leaves the reader in no doubt as to how he thinks Ireland should have been treated in 1921, or how India should be treated to-day : he seems to be of the opinion that both Irish and Hindoos, in the larger national sense of the word, should be placed against a wall and shot. It is the political programme of the mythical retired colonel, but it is absolutely out of touch with reality to-day. His "great betrayal" in Ireland is now but matter for history : it is no longer the material for politicians.



When he comes to the "Conservative Task" Dr. Hearnshaw is little more concrete than the statesmen, who are only politicians in office. Restoring the power of the House of Lords, raising the franchise qualifications, increasing "the voting power of the educated and thrifty classes"; these are hardly the things to which the British democracy will respond readily. But it might be tempted by the wider distribution of property. The book is interesting as the creed of a sincere English patriot; but its political philosophy is dead.

L. P. B.

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GOETHE: MAN AND POET. By Henry W. Nevinston. London: Nisbet and Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.

This is an attractive biography of the great master of German literature written for the centenary of Goethe's death. It is not overburdened with detail, but rather an account of the man, "not day by day in the common routine which all must follow," as Mr. Nevinston writes in his Introduction, "but at the moments or periods when his nature rose above itself and revealed the qualities which genius alone inspires."

Goethe began to write at a time when German literature needed a genius such as his for its making. After the Thirty Years War Germany was suffering from a degrading inferiority complex, the result of civil strife fostered by foreign interference. There was little national spirit in the country; popular taste was vitiated; the petty courts aped the habits, language and literature of Versailles, and the people forgot their own literature with its rich heritage of legend, tale and ballad. Writers, despising everything German, imitated foreign literatures. Referring to this slavish imitation, Goethe makes one of his characters in *Wilhelm Meister* say: "No German can buckle his shoes till he has learned it from some foreign nation"; and, Lessing, more bitterly, wrote in his Fables: "'Show me,' said the ape, a beast so clever that I cannot imitate him." "Show me," said the fox, 'a beast so degraded as to think of imitating you!' O authors of my country!"

When Goethe was a young medical student in Strasburg he met Herder, whose criticism of German literature was then having effect, and in his autobiography Goethe pays tribute to the influence of this man in turning his mind towards the newer forms of literature, the return to nature and the simple things of life, the native beauty of the folk-song and the development of national genius in German literature. This was sorely needed at the time, and Herder's criticism and influence brought about the timely literary revolution which ushered in modern German poetry. The young poet threw in his lot with the "Sturm und Drang" movement, with his *Sorrows of Young Werther*.

In his long life Goethe lived through years of storm and stress in history: the American War of Independence, the French Revolution, the whole career of Napoleon, the return and overthrow of the Bourbons, and the complete rebuilding of a great modern literature, to which he contributed much.

The example of Germany in its great literary revival is one which Ireland could profitably follow. Not by translations and imitations of foreign (chiefly English) models is our nation going to build up the new literature of the future, but by the return to nature and to the folk tradition, to the simple things of our own life and native culture as Herder directed the young writers in Germany at the close of the eighteenth century.

E. NIC GH.



INTERPRETING THE UNIVERSE. By John Macmurray. (Faber and Faber—March, 1933.)

In a preface to a recently published book of scientific essays by Max Planck, the celebrated German physicist, Einstein observes: "Human nature always has tried to form for itself a simple and synoptic image of the surrounding world. In doing this it tries to construct a picture which will give some sort of tangible expression to what the mind sees in nature." The formation of such World-Pictures on the part of the scientist or philosopher is subjected to a critical discussion in Prof. Macmurray's book.

After some opening chapters of a general character, in which the symbolic nature of thought and language is considered, also the necessary verification of the activity of reflection by the return of thought to immediate experience, the author takes up his main subject. He considers three types of World Images, namely: those constructed in terms of what he calls the "unity-patterns" of mathematical, biological, and psychological thought; in other words, schemes built up on the concepts of Mechanism, Organism and Personality.

The subject is a vast one, and an adequate discussion of it would take one straight into the deep waters of speculative philosophy. Prof. Macmurray arrives at the conclusion that the limitation of mathematical thought is that it is valid only for dealing with anything in so far as it is material; giving to the word "material" the wide connotation of anything that can be acted on, or used as an instrument. The fact that the process of mathematical physics eventually resolves itself into an analysis of the relational structure of the universe does not, perhaps, affect this conclusion. The point to be noted, however, is that the recent trend of mathematical physics is completely away from materialism as such, and towards an idealist concept of the universe as a world of pure thought, until the mathematical symbolism tends to become confused with the idea of the underlying reality itself.

The unity-pattern of biological thought, or organism, likewise fails, according to the author's view, on two important grounds. Firstly, organism involves the concept of teleology, which is a meaningless idea apart from the representation of a final stage to which earlier ones in the process of organic development are relative. Life, being an infinite process in the universe, there can be no final stage. Secondly, an organism presupposes an environment by which it is conditioned, and the idea of an environment applied to the universe as a whole is obviously self-contradictory. It is doubtful whether this argument is valid when applied to the totality of things and made without reference to some "ultimate" as the necessary presupposition at the base of any philosophic theory. The idea of a self-subsisting universe requiring nothing but itself in order to exist is unthinkable. The idea of God or creativity as such an "ultimate" is needed. It might be pointed out that the philosophic systems of both Alexander and Whitehead, representative of modern Realism, using the basic concept of organism, but free from the defect referred to, have an importance that cannot be so lightly dismissed. Finally, Prof. Macmurray deals with the unity-pattern of psychological thought, or personality. But this symbolism, he admits, has not been worked out; though he holds the view that the solution of this problem is emerging as the central one in contemporary philosophy.

Reference must be made to the author's discussion of mathematical

symbolism. This, unfortunately, is superficial to the point of being totally misleading. If the algebraic fallacy known to many a school-boy, which he quotes, apparently proving that  $2 = 1$ , proves nothing more, as he really admits than that one must not forget what one's symbols stand for, it is surely hardly worthy of mention. Furthermore, the statement that mathematical thought is adequate only for dealing with the finite is one that requires considerable qualification, for which space is lacking here. And again, to describe  $\sqrt{-1}$  as a meaningless symbol is perhaps to confuse the terms "meaning" and "existence". It has a perfectly intelligible and unambiguous meaning as an "operator". As the defining symbol in the domain of complex number, to eliminate it as an expression having "no reference to reality at all," would be to wipe out a great part of modern analysis with its numerous applications in physical science,—the newer quantum theory being a notable case in point. In spite of all the ink that has flowed in discussions as to the intrinsic meaning of "imaginary" quantities, and dialectical subtleties propounded by philosophers over the problem of the relation called "meaning," the mathematician will continue to make use of  $\sqrt{-1}$  in his equations, justified by its wide field of application whether in pure or applied mathematics.

B. J.

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TAURINE PROVINCE. By Roy Campbell. Desmond Harmsworth. 79 pp.

In this essay Mr. Campbell does some violent butting in defence of the ancient and heroic art of Tauromachy. It is rather regrettable, I think, that he should think it worth while to lower his head and kick up his heels at such windmills as "the kind of man who wears woollen underpants, carries horrible little black umbrellas, is afraid of germs, and objects to almost anything in life, especially to anything that surpasses him in valour or skill," and "the potbellied draper who has made a fortune," and "Lord Dash and Lady Blank, who can go off and wound fifty antelope, which escaping, die in agony a few days after." These, as representing the Lowest Common Denominator of "the most vulgar and degrading spirit which is active in modern life, that bastard of decadent protestantism which expresses itself vicariously sometimes as Humanitarianism, as Socialism, as Fabianism, as Sportsmanship, or as Vegetarianism" are scarcely worth butting. It is equally unnecessary, too, I would suggest in a book of this kind to trample the china shop in search of the H.C.D. They long ago have been cursed by Apollo and frozen in their own abstractions, and in kindness it should be remembered that the wine that was too strong for them filled bright phials for Shelley and many another; its workings, too, while generally a nuisance in so far as it makes John Citizen more engrossed in his neighbour's moral welfare than in his own—giving us censorships, vigilance societies and their like—has some fair deeds to its credit, such as child-welfare homes, hospitals, limitation of working hours, and is perhaps in its best aspects a necessity of industrial civilization.

A curious corollary to Mr. Campbell's hatred of abstractions is that he has come to see abstractions as Individuals; Big Business is Mr. Drage and Mr.

Pelman, the prophets of Democracy have funny little bodies, ugly faces and miserable shuffling legs. And a strange corollary is that his own hatred by the natural perversion of many mirrors is itself turned to an abstraction. The result is that in this book—in which a man of equal talent with no obsession but love of his subject would have given us such uninterruptedly fine description that we could catch as much of the beauty of it as would fall into words—there is a series of jumping starts, a continually digressing middle and an ending which, as containing the *raison d'être* of the book—the elaborate and civilised choreography of bull-fighting—is far, far too hurried. And that is a pity, for the best defence of Taumachy—if defence it needs—is to re-discover it, like some antique statue, against its native background. It is not unfair to it—it doesn't need a tourist's appreciation—but to the tourist, who in this case is the reader, that the images of a bright pagan civilisation it evokes should be made broken and jumpy by the emergence of a different and opposite series—strange bastards of Eastern metaphysic.

Had Mr. Campbell kept his compass point to the south, he would have made a fine book about a fine subject. As it is there are such hints in it of such ancient myth, old airs of gold still lazing somewhere in our day, that the heart stirs sometimes as though on the brink of bright discovery. It is regrettable that he chooses such moments to set his "phobias" ballooning.

P. F.

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A WANDERING HARP. By James H. Cousins. (New York: Roerich Museum Press. 3 dollars).

There are over a hundred poems in this collection, selected by the poet to represent forty years of poetical aspirations. Written under the skies to eastward and westward of the land of his birth, in atmospheres as far apart in all respects as are the Himalayas and New York City, they wrap the reader around with many-coloured veils of thought.

Twenty years ago Seumas was with us in Dublin, and his essays and poems were food and flame in the National movement, and he sang of the gods and heroes of the Gael. In this collection we have some of these songs, including "The Sleep of the King," a play in verse. This was the first play performed by the Irish National Theatre, as far back as 1902. Since then we are carried to share the thoughts of the poet on the seas and mountains of the wide earth. He has drunk deep of wells that are from ancient days open to the skies of the East, wells flowing in the days of the Aryan westward tide that brought the Gael on his long journeying to the outside edge of Europe. The poet's year in Japan is represented by nature poems, but it is India and Ireland that his songs most constantly reveal to us. All his work is rich with colour, and there is much that one would like to quote did space permit. Here are thoughts taken at random that show the clear-cut and living expression of the mind of our poet:—

"Yet have I not with each outgoing breath,  
Rehearsed the ultimate trick of death  
That is but sleep made permanent."

M

And from the "Song by a Fruit-tree":—

"I was a blind and buried thing  
That groped about me in the mould  
Because the ancient wizard, Spring,  
Sent his enchantment through my cold  
With such a poignant edge of ache  
That I could only die or break.

My green spear splintered earth's hard baulk,  
I felt the far inviting sky . . . .

I sent my seed upon the wind  
In Autumn's splendid jeopardy  
The purpose and the path to find  
Of Something-wonderful-to-be  
. . . . .

Mr. Cousins has added notably and richly to the store of poetry given to the world by the Irish brotherhood of singers, who for the last quarter of a century have lit up the dawn-sky of the new-old Ireland.

A. K.

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MORE SOMERSET MAUGHAM. The Plays of W. Somerset Maugham. Vols. 3 and 4. Collected Edition. London: Heinemann. 5s. nett each.

In these two volumes of the Collected Edition of the Plays of Mr. Somerset Maugham, which are so delightfully and so cheaply produced by Messrs. Heinemann, are six plays mainly of his later period. Volume 3 contains "The Circle," "The Constant Wife," and "The Breadwinner"; and in volume 4 are "Our Betters," "The Unattainable" (staged in London as "Caroline"), and "Home and Beauty." Thus, it will be seen that these six plays cover a period of some sixteen years, from the production of "Caroline" in 1916 to that of "The Breadwinner" last year, and in all will be found that slightly acidulated satire for which Somerset Maugham plays are nowadays noted. It is somewhat difficult to see why "Our Betters" should have been an immense popular success in London and, if anything, a better play like "The Breadwinner" a comparative failure. It may be that the London public was in a more receptive mood for social satire in 1923 than in 1932, when the economic structure seemed insecure; but, whatever be the cause of its comparative failure in the London theatre, "The Breadwinner" is the more entertaining play to read. As in the preceding two volumes the plays in these volumes will more than repay the money they cost in entertainment to the reader who reads for pleasure, and to the student of dramatic structure who reads for possible instruction and profit.

In the preface to Volume 3 Mr. Somerset Maugham has some very interesting, and equally destructive, things to say about audiences and the drama; but he is positively devastating upon dramatic critics. "The difficulty of the drama as an art lies for the most part in its dependence on the audience. An audience is a crowd and art as we know it has nothing to do with the multitude. . . . The



appeal of the arts is to the very few." A little later he says: "A play exists without an audience as little as a colour without a spectator . . . I do not know if the psychology of the audience is capable of change, but it is clear from the most casual study of dramatic works since *Æschylus* that no great change has taken place in it hitherto. An audience demands sympathy, which I take to be no more than direction of interest; for it is well known that a sympathetic character need not be a virtuous one. It has a moral code which, according to the time, may be stricter or more lax than that of the individual." Having examined the matter in some detail he concludes: "It is clear that the dramatist's concern is with the audience as an organic whole and not with the persons who make it up . . . This reduces sensibly the didactic efficiency of the drama, on account of which writers have from time to time been attracted to the stage; for if the individual is so much inclined to hypnotic suggestion that he cannot shake off the emotions he has felt when his personality was fused in that of the audience, he is not a safe person to be trusted alone, and should promptly be shut up in an asylum."

"The acute reader," then concludes Mr. Maugham, "will see at once that these remarks reduce dramatic criticism to a logical absurdity." The critic, trained to withhold himself from the emotional pressure of the audience, does not see the play seen by that audience, but as the audience is part of the play you cannot judge the play unless you are part of the audience. But it is equally clear that a critic who withholds his emotions from merging with those of the audience as a whole can still sense the emotional stresses, while at the same time keeping his intellect free for other aspects of the play.

If the six plays are interesting, and they most certainly are, the two prefaces are stimulating to the point of controversy. There is material in the two short essays for prolonged argument, and it is certain that the critics will not take such an easy eradication from the theatrical scene. If, as is reported, Mr. Maugham has decided to quit the theatre the loss will be great, because in his frankly "commercial drama" there is much more than is to be found in that other drama which he sneers at delicately.

A. E. M.

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THE ENGLISH DRAMATIC CRITICS: 1660-1932. By James Agate. Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d. net.

It was a happy thought on the part of Mr. James Agate, himself one of the most prominent of present-day dramatic critics, to assemble a representative collection of specimens of the dramatic criticism in England since the beginning of the practice of that craft. That he has done the work magnificently will be the verdict of everyone who takes the trouble to read the book. It is not, of course, everybody's book: it is a book for theatrical enthusiasts, and to some extent a book for critics. "I merely collected," says Mr. Agate, "a number of pieces the re-reading of which is calculated to afford delight." He has done that: but he has also done something more. He has gathered within a single book the commentaries of practising critics upon the English drama and theatre. That he will not satisfy everyone he knew quite well, but he may be thanked for having made a delightful and exceedingly useful book.

Like the compiler himself when he embarked upon the work most people will think that the job was easy; that English dramatic criticism began with

Leigh Hunt. But Mr. Agate here gives specimens of dramatic criticism dating back as much as a century before Hunt. No fewer than nine critics, including Steele, Addison, Goldsmith and Boswell, are found to have preceded him; and the anonymous criticism from "The London Chronicle" and "The Theatrical Review" prove that dramatic criticism as it is known to-day flourished in the later part of the eighteenth century. From Hunt onwards all the familiar names are encountered, and as might be expected "The Manchester Guardian" and the old "Saturday Review" figure prominently, but it is good to have "The Birmingham Post" critic, Mr. Crompton Rhodes given the place that he undoubtedly deserves. Irish readers will be especially glad to have Mr. Ivor Brown's appreciation of the late Sydney Morgan, a tribute that was well earned by years of excellent service to the theatre.

Some names which might have been expected are missing: there is nothing of E. A. Baughan, no W. A. Darlington, no Sidney W. Carroll, and no Swaffer. While the last-named need bring no regrets some space might have been found for the others. But it is a book that was needed, and will certainly be prized.

A. E. M.

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MY WORLD AS IN MY TIME: MEMOIRS OF SIR HENRY NEWBOLT. Vol. I. Faber. 18s. net.

The story of how Queen Victoria asked for the "other works" of Lewis Carroll and was presented with volumes about Algebra might almost be paralleled by the works of Sir Henry Newbolt. It will come as a shock to readers of this charming book who know its author only as a poet to learn that he is also "learned in the law" and the author of numerous law books. Once he was told at a dinner of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn "You think you are famous for your poems, and so you may be, but what has given you *immortality* is your work in the Law Digest—your 'Will,' your 'Settlement,' and the rest." So it may prove in the dim and distant future, but what gives Sir Henry Newbolt fame in the present is such work as "Drake's Drum." That he has actually codified some 20,000 legal decisions concerning wills, and done it with zestful enjoyment, is something that will probably now be generally known for the first time. That fact has had a great influence upon the life of one who might otherwise have been a great poet.

This big volume, which is to have a successor, begins with the poet's childhood and in the form of a reverie wanders over everything that he remembers. He says that while the people of the past are visible and audible his "own thoughts are more vague, and the strength of my feelings I find it hard to recall, and not always easy to understand." So there is more of places and persons than of thoughts and feelings in the book, but as Sir Henry has been a lawyer, a politician, an educationist, an editor, a scholar, and an athlete, as well as a poet, there is no lack of material for his casting memory to seize upon and write about with poignant charm. All the famous people of the past half-century pass through that memory; Ruskin and Browning, Newman and Rosebery, Yeats and Bridges, Queen Victoria and Admiral Fisher, Conrad and Hardy: there is something of interest about each and all of them. It is the record of a full life, rather than that of a professional poet, and it holds something for everyone. It is in every way an interesting book, and as it is the work of a fine writer it could not fail to be finely written. As a discursive record of a vanished time it will be treasured, but not as Yeats's "Autobiograph" will be treasured and loved.

L. P. B.



THE ROMANTIC QUEST OF PETER LAMONTE. By James Francis Dwyer. London : Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. n.d. (1932).

This pleasant, if rather simple, tale of modern Provence can be recommended to those who know the lower valley of the Rhone. Mr. Dwyer's geography is accurate and precise. So is his French, with one bad exception on p. 145, although there is too much of it. He does not, like a more pretentious novel (since banned, as it deserved to be for that reason alone!) confuse the Etang de Berre with the Mediterranean! But I must protest against Mr. Dwyer's history, which, though not lacking in picturesqueness, is quite indefensibly incorrect. He confuses two Jeannes, both, it is true, Queens of Naples, one actually, the other titularly, and Countesses of Provence—Jeanne I, a reigning sovereign, and Jeanne de Laval, second wife of Jeanne I's fourth cousin twice removed, René I, who was not born till twenty-seven years after Jeanne I's assassination. Mr. Dwyer has been led astray by the expression "le bon Roi René" into calling him King René of Anjou, whereas he was Duke of Anjou, Count of Provence and Forcalquier and King of Naples, Sicily and Jerusalem (titular). It is true that Jeanne I had, among her four husbands, two Angevin princes of an earlier house. But this error is venial compared to the assumption that Raymond of the Holy Lance was a Count of Provence. He was, of course, Raymond de Saint Gilles, Count of Toulouse and Marquis of Provence (ultra Durance). It is true that Folquet de Marseille became Bishop of Toulouse and that he was a troubadour of sorts, but his is not a name that any lover of the troubadours reveres. He helped the hordes of Simon de Montfort to destroy the civilization and poetry of Languedoc. The castle of Beaucaire (p. 144) was not the place of imprisonment of Nicolette. She was imprisoned in a wholly imaginary castle within the town, not outside it. There never was a Count of Beaucaire. In the list of the glories of Arles (p. 162) there is not a word of the kingdom of Arles nor of the Holy Roman Empire, although more than one emperor was crowned at Arles as king, for example, Charles IV in 1365. Frédéric Mistral was not "the beloved son of Arles."

There is no Church of Saint Martin (p. 124) in Avignon. There is a Saint Martial, or rather was—the old Church of the Benedictins—now in part a Protestant Temple, in part absorbed in the Post Office. But its belfry was not "erected by Pope John XXII six hundred years before." In Notre Dame des Doms, which contains the tomb of John XXII, there are frescoes by Simone Martini of Sienna. It was Saint Agricol that John XXII began to reconstruct in 1321, but the work was not finished till the early fifteenth century.

"That old palace (of the Popes) built six hundred years ago" was not finished, as we know it, till 1362 by Innocent VI, but I suppose the fact that it was begun by Benedict XII in 1334 makes the "six hundred" accurate enough.

Mr. Dwyer is a bit shaky on Les Baux. The Seigneurs of Les Baux were from 1162 Princes of Orange, and the last few of them styled themselves Kings of Arles. Raymond des Baux ceded the latter title to Charles of Anjou in 1251. An earlier Raymond des Baux was invested by the Emperor Conrad III as King of Arles. His son Hugues was invested by the Emperor Frederick II.

They were ruined in the war of succession to the County of Provence that followed on the marriage of the two heiresses of Gerberge, Count of Provence,

Douce and Etiennette, to Raymond-Berenger, Count of Barcelona, and to Raymond des Baux.

The "verse from *Fleurs du mal*" (p. 63) is a very poor rendering of

Tu portes plus galamment  
Q'une reine de roman  
Ses cothurnes de velours  
Tes sabots lourds.

En place de bas troués,  
Que pour les yeux des roués  
Sur ta jambe un poignard d'or  
Reluie encor . . . .

*i.e.*, of two verses with one omitted between them. Mr. Dwyer has added "tread the roads of chance," "old" (romance), "and lace"; "worn and out" does not render "troués"; he has added "keen" to "dagger" and "wise" to "roués", and produced rubbish. The words purporting to be from the passport (p. 148) of one of the characters are incorrect. Passports do not bear the words, "These are to request," but "We (so and so) request."

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THE SOLITUDES OF DON LUIS DE CONGORA, translated into English Verse by Edward Meryon Wilson. Cambridge. The Minority Press (Gordon Fraser). 1931. Pp. xviii. + 80. 5s. net.

DON LUIS DE GONGORA Y ARGOTE Introduction, traduction et notes, par Lucien-Paul Thomas. Paris: La Renaissance du Livre n.d. 1932. Pp. 167.

Mr. Wilson asserts that "Gongora's merits as a poet are now only denied by a few North American professors." M. Thomas has long been known as an authority on Gongora. I prefer M. Thomas's translation to Mr. Wilson's; the latter translates, of course, only the *Soledades*, while M. Thomas gives an anthology of all Gongora's work. But Mr. Wilson's rendering is adequate and even poetic. My favourites are, however, the sonnets. Both editions provide notes on difficult points, and M. Thomas gives an exhaustive bibliography.

R. B.

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DESMOND RYAN. The Invisible Army. A Story of Michael Collins. London: Arthur Baker, Ltd. 8s. 6d.

The sub-title of Mr. Ryan's book leads one to expect that it is mainly about Michael Collins, but the work is not biography nor the story of a revolutionary; it is rather an autobiography in the form of a novel with Michael Collins in the background. Mr. Ryan is telling his own story and his interpretation of what he saw in Dublin from 1916 until he left it in 1922.

Mr. Ryan wants to portray the pacifist who has to fight because it is the only way of freeing his country; to whom violence and the killing which is war



is repugnant. Concerned as he is with this view-point, we get little account of the heroism of Ireland's struggle or of the unselfishness and sacrifice that was manifest at that time. Something of the cynicism of the later post-treaty period pervades the book. There is no particular plot, but a succession of incidents or episodes—the outstanding events of the day—a group of characters all, but one, having fictitious names, and the doubts, heart-searching and introspection of the hero.

“Harding answered :  
‘I want to think.’”

For to Harding Easter Week had brought a crisis. He was staring, staring, staring at a mental blank wall. A wall of doubt and disillusion. . . . .”

So he reviews the time gone by and the present, and his own feelings :—

“A deep and as eloquent appeal as that had stirred him in the Great Strike of Nineteen Thirteen, when the social fabric had shaken and quivered for half a year. . . . . And on the eve of Nineteen Sixteen itself, while one side of his brain flamed to enthusiasm at the tricolour soon to wave among the many standards of the Great War, another side ached with the nightmare of human agony on the battlefields. And for a time his riddle was answered. What did it matter? Any blow against that infamy, no matter what and by whom, was good enough for him, and to harden his mood came the city employers ‘releasing’ their workers to the trenches in thousands, the blaring bands, the recruiting posters. . . . .”

But from the Easter ashes rose the old riddle once more. To shoot or not to shoot? The question obsessed him. Guns, guns, guns, words, words, words. . . . .”

Truly the time was out of joint, O cursed Spite!

Throughout the book we have the same type of reasoning and commentary. We do not get a true portrait of Michael Collins. David Harding is kept in the foreground and M. C. comes in and out of the picture spasmodically without having a permanent place in the pattern or design.

In spite of the wealth of material which the author has at his command and the stirring events he selects for the story there is something lacking. He seeks to achieve his effects by the use of detail without the economy of these quick sure strokes with which the artist draws a picture. He has not crystallised his thought or his vision, nor do we find in his work that power, as Coleridge calls it, of “reducing multitude into unity of effect.” We seem to be told everything and to see and hear nothing. It is not dramatic. There is no enthusiasm, and he fails to capture the atmosphere and spirit of the time.

It is not for lack of incident or of story or of character that the novel is unsatisfactory, but for want of the fusing power of imagination that can transmute all those elements into living drama pulsating with the life of the time.

E. NIC GH.

A HILLSIDE MAN. By Con. O'Leary. London: Lovat Dickson, Ltd., 38 Bedford St., London. 1933. 7s. 6d. nett.

It has become so much the fashion among contemporary Irish novelists and dramatists to turn their own country into a hunting-ground for the pursuit of whatever is morbid and degenerate, that it is pleasant to meet with a book which presents other and nobler aspects of Irish life with such freshness and vigour as Mr. Con. O'Leary's latest novel, "The Hillside Man." The adventures of Conal MacDermott begin in West Cork, at Toormore, about the time of Catholic Emancipation, and are carried on throughout Ireland, America, and Australia during the next half-century. After the horrors of the Famine period, and the rising in '48, Conal and his friends leave for America to seek their fortune in the gold-fields of Sacramento. Having achieved this object, they dedicated their resources, and their lives, to the task of rescuing Fenian prisoners from the penal settlements of Van Diemen's Land. After this had been accomplished, the tale turns back to Ireland and the rising in '67, when Conal is taken prisoner and sentenced to fourteen years penal servitude in the quarries of Dartmoor. His release at the expiration of his sentence, and his return to spend the remainder of his days in the sea-side cottage at Toormore bring the novel to a close.

The first criticism suggested by this tale is that it is spread over too wide an area to give a true sense of perspective. Nevertheless, if this be regarded as a fault, it is more than atoned for by the fine blend of realism and romanticism which Mr. O'Leary brings to his earlier chapters. His writing is racy of the soil, and in recounting the adventures of his hero he has actually told the story of Ireland during the greater part of the nineteenth century with passionate sincerity and sympathetic insight.

R.

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BUTLER'S GIFT. By Martin Hare. (London: William Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.).

This story deals with life in a Rector's family in County Cork during the troubled years before 1922. Though the Rectory is raided by the I.R.A. for arms, the atmosphere of the book is not political. It is chiefly domestic, and Mr. Hare is very successful in interesting us in the ordinary details of the family's daily routine. The big scene of the book deals with the love affair of Frances Palliser, the Rector's eldest daughter. It is well planned and handled with much dramatic vigour, but it lacks the intimate fascination that is evident in the simpler episodes. Mr. Hare has natural invention in incident, and an easy fluency in writing. He understands much of Irish life. Stephen Jagoe, the peasant who became a Doctor, rings true to type. The Rector is well drawn, and reveals a fine class of Anglo-Irish character that is still a moral and cultural influence in the Free State. But Dee Palliser, son of the Rector and a Republican, is a very vague and unconvincing figure.